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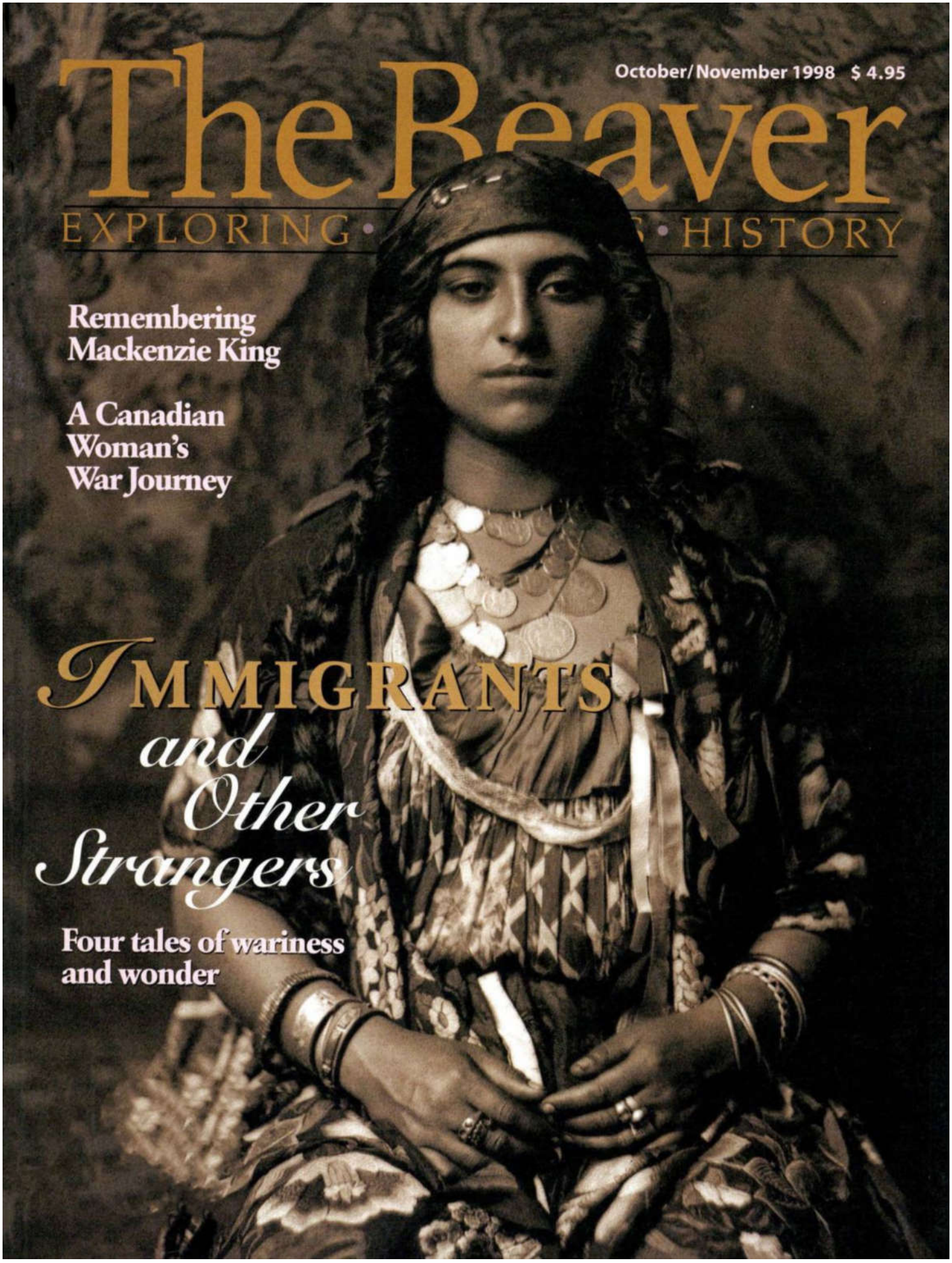

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ON THE COVER: "Rosie, the Gypsy Queen," photograph by F.L. Roy, 1926. From the Roy Studio Archive.

Roberto Perin

The Many Faces of the French Fact

Since the Conquest, immigration has been contested terrain in Quebec. As with Ireland, Great Britain expected to hold its new colony through the anticipated arrival of large numbers of land-hungry, English-speaking Protestants. Half a century would go by before such hopes began to be realized. Immigrants came not, as hoped, from the United States, but from Britain itself, where troop demobilization after the Napoleonic Wars and the Industrial Revolution caused massive social dislocation. By 1831, Quebec City and Montreal both had British majorities. The *Canadiens* who, according to Lord Durham, entertained "vain hopes" of nationality, feared that this mass migration was a device to overwhelm them in their own homeland. When immigrants carried deadly epidemics of cholera and typhus to the colony, caused by the appalling conditions onboard ship, charges were made, in the overheated climate leading to the 1837 uprising led by Papineau, that Britain was deliberately trying to wipe out the *Canadiens*. The *Canadiens*, in turn, were accused by British colonists of wanting to stop immigration altogether. They were certainly aware, however, that an immigration controlled not by them but by London would result in their gradual extinction.

The French fact in North America faced two new challenges after the defeat of the uprising. Industrialization presaged the French Canadians' assimilation by triggering the movement of rural dwellers to an English-speaking urban and work environment. As well, the 1841 Union of Lower and Upper Canada threatened them with political marginalization. That the culture survived and thrived is due in part to the skillful manoeuvring of Union politicians. But in the long run this was more of a social than a political achievement, with the credit going to the Catholic Church. As a body entirely under French-Canadian control, the church conquered a public space for that culture by establishing and running a host of social and economic institutions. Nowhere else in North America would Catholic institutions be those of the majority. However, this arrangement entailed a *quid pro quo:* the English-speaking minority of Quebec, which included Canada's elite, demanded the same autonomy. As a result, separate public institutions with clear denominational affiliations developed. In education, for example, English-speaking Protestants and Catholics controlled their own schools. This was the structure that later immigrants encountered as they settled in Quebec.

As well as autonomy, cultural survival depended in part on maintaining a demographic balance between British and French, a balance broken by the massive Irish migration of the 1840s. With the granting of Responsible Government in 1848, jurisdiction over immigration passed from London to the United Canadas, giving French-Canadian political leaders a say. They wasted no time in demanding that publicity and recruitment, initially directed only to Britain, extend to French-speaking Europe. Preference was also expressed for Catholic settlers. These objectives remained unchanged at Confederation when immigration became a joint federal-provincial responsibility.

Although spurred by Ontario's vigorous recruitment drives in Britain, Quebec met with little success in luring French-speaking immigrants. Prospective candidates had no desire to settle on marginal farmlands on the Canadian Shield, or join an industrial labour market where skilled workers spoke English, and rural French Canadians formed an abundant and cheap source of unskilled manpower. But Quebec faced an even graver problem: it could not hold its own population, as an estimated one million native sons and daughters left for the United States in the century after 1830. The drain was especially acute during the prolonged recession of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Initiatives to reclaim French-Canadian expatriates put forward by Ottawa (which by the 1870s had become the key player in immigration) were very popular. Such efforts, while serious and sustained, produced few results. The French-to-British ratio remained relatively stable because of the very high French-Canadian birthrate, not immigration or remigration.

French Canadian, ***a term rooted in common ancestry, religion, and language, gave way to*** **Québécois,** ***one based on territory and language. No longer did one have to be Catholic or French Canadian to embrace the new identity.***

In the early part of this century, significant numbers of newcomers from continental Europe settled in Quebec. By 1930 they comprised 6 percent of its population, including 60,000 Jews and 25,000 Italians. The children of Catholic and non-Catholic immigrants were admitted to French-Canadian institutions, such as schools, universities, and in the case of medical students, to hospitals. However, French-Canadian public authorities were also prepared to give immigrants a degree of institutional autonomy already enjoyed by English-speaking Protestants and Catholics.

Despite some degree of openness on

the part of French-Canadian institutions, immigrants realized, that for reasons of work and social mobility, it was indispensable for them if possible, but certainly for their children, to have a sound knowledge of English. In the interwar years, Jews and other non-French and non-British immigrants made up almost half of the students in English-language Protestant and Catholic schools. Italians were the only exception, with 62 percent attending French-language institutions. These figures highlight the economic power of the English language and the social inferiority of French Canadians in their own homeland.

The Second World War was in many ways a turning point. The accommodation worked out during the Union of 1841 was under attack on many fronts. The federal government, where French Canadians exerted little real power, became committed to state intervention in social and cultural areas that had been controlled in Quebec by French Canadians. As well, accelerating rates of urbanization and a decline in religious vocations made it ever more difficult for the church to fulfill its historic role. Secularization, together with a large wave of postwar immigration, contributed to a growing sense of diversity. As well, the decline of Montreal as Canada's metropolis undermined the political clout of English speakers in the province.

Meanwhile the old concern about maintaining a demographic balance resurfaced, but under a new guise. Since French-speaking communities outside of Quebec and Acadia were fast succumbing to linguistic assimilation, the concept of "French Canada" was losing its relevance. Was not Quebec the only viable French-speaking territory in Canada? But even within the province, the birth rate began to drop sharply after the blip of the baby boom, falling below replacement levels by the early 1970s. As well, Italians now joined other recent immigrants in sending their children overwhelmingly (90 percent) to English-language schools.

Nationalists called on the Quebec government to end the segregation that was part of the Union compromise, create common institutions for all Quebeckers, and take charge to ensure that newcomers would in future identify with the majority culture. In line with these new realities, a pluralistic concept of identity replaced the monolithic one defined during the Union years: *French Canadian*, a term rooted in common ancestry, religion, and language, gave way to *Québécois*, one based on territory and language. No longer did one have to be Catholic or French Canadian to embrace the new identity.

Beginning with the creation of a Quebec ministry of immigration in 1968, the government gradually implemented the nationalist program. A series of agreements were signed with Ottawa that ensured the province's eventual control over immigrant selection and integration. Legislation adopted in the 1970s clearly signalled that French was to be the public language of Quebec. Such initiatives, however, were not all one-sided. A policy statement formally recognized immigrants' contribution to society and culture and offered them services in their language of origin. Recently, affirmative action programs have sought to boost immigrants' presence in the private and public sectors. Quebec has also welcomed the new entrepreneurial class of immigrant, expecting it to provide a much-needed stimulus to the province's economy.

These policies have been remarkably similar to those of Ottawa, combining self-interest in the use of immigrants to achieve economic and demographic targets with a degree of humanitarian concern. But their central focus continues to be maintaining the French fact in North America in the face of historically hostile (British) or indifferent (English-Canadian) players. This makes the issue of control a crucial one, although larger economic forces place real constraints on such control. In the past, both Canada and Quebec have had difficulty retaining their immigrants. The province's higher-than-average unemployment rate and its lower capacity to create jobs (compared to neighbouring Ontario) limits its absorptive capacity.

Quebec's non-French and non-British elements now surpass the British minority, standing at over 10 percent of the population. The language legislation of the 1970s has channelled most of these groups' children to French-language schools. Still, there is among them a deep ambivalence regarding the new Quebec. The two largest groups, Italian and Jewish, who arrived and were integrated into the Quebec of autonomous linguistic communities, found the transition particularly difficult. In their case, the legacy of bitterness and suspicion from the language laws will not be quickly overcome. For their part, the newer immigrants, many of whom come from Third World countries, are bewildered by competing claims for loyalty to Canada and Quebec. Their ambivalence will only be dispelled when the Quebec issue is finally resolved. But one has to go beyond politics to see the lived reality of a pluralistic French Quebec where interethnic and interracial contact, including marriage, is on the rise. This will perhaps prove to be the more lasting legacy of the new Quebec. ◆

Roberto Perin, a history professor at York University, has published on Quebec and immigrant history.

FOR FURTHER READING

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IMMIGR & Other Strangers

PARKS CANADA

RARELY IS THE STRANGER WELCOMED UNCONDITIONALLY into the embrace of an established community. Skin of a different colour, speech of a different inflection, worship of a different god disturb and confound. So, too, is the immigrant arriving on new shores rarely welcomed without reservation. Canada, though at heart a country of immigrants, has not always turned a sunny face to people seeking to make Canada their home. Canadian immigration policy and practice have been at times shamefully racist, most often economically self-serving, only occasionally humanitarian.

And yet how many Canadians (in an unassuming Canadian way, of course) are thankful their ancestors emigrated to Canada?

The colonies which in 1867 became Canada were, with the exception of Quebec, English-speaking and Protestant and intensely loyal to the Crown. Immigrants from England and Scotland were considered ideal, and officially encouraged. But in their search for new settlers for land and new labourers for industry, Canadian authorities had from time to time to suppress their distaste for the foreign.

Immigrants, particularly those from outside the favoured circle, suffered hardship in their early years in Canada but their trials were nothing like the ones they endured in their shattered homelands. In Canada, land ownership was not feudal, ethnic tensions were not murderous, political dissidents were not shot. There was hope of land and work, and more: for those yearning for a modicum of justice and freedom a hundred years ago there was the expectation that within the dominions of the British Empire they would be living in a civil society bound by the rule of law.

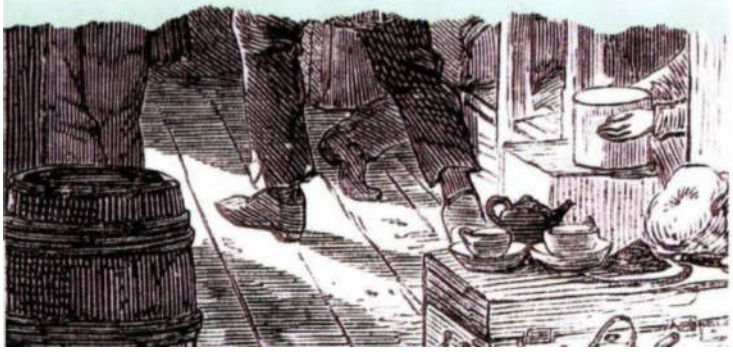
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

A N T S

Time passed. The stranger stayed on. The immigrant endured. Children became integrated. Communities absorbed and were absorbed by people once considered conspicuous or menacing. If the Anglo-Protestant Canada of an earlier day was not impeccable in its treatment of the foreigner it still managed somehow, even with reluctance, to foster a society that is today remarkably tolerant of diversity.

THE ROY STUDIO ARCHIVE

The four stories over the next twenty-six pages follow the experience of some of our ancestors in the period from the mid-nineteenth century to the early twentieth century, when emigration to Canada was intense and established Canadian society wary of the stranger.



by Jim Rees

The Surplus PEOPLE

Lord Fitzwilliam had good intentions. He needed to shed tenants from his Irish estate. A railway company in New Brunswick needed workers. They struck a deal, and hope blossomed for a boatload of poor Irish emigrants, devastated by the Great Famine of 1846. Unfortunately, there was a terrible misunderstanding.

(There are now) eighty-seven in various stages of sickness, and quite a number of bad cases. ... There were two more deaths yesterday, making in all, up to the 7th, eleven deaths. ... There are now several widows and quite a number of children for whom I shall make provision. There are also seven orphans, the father having died on the passage and the mother yesterday. ... The surgeon who came out with the passengers has taken the fever.

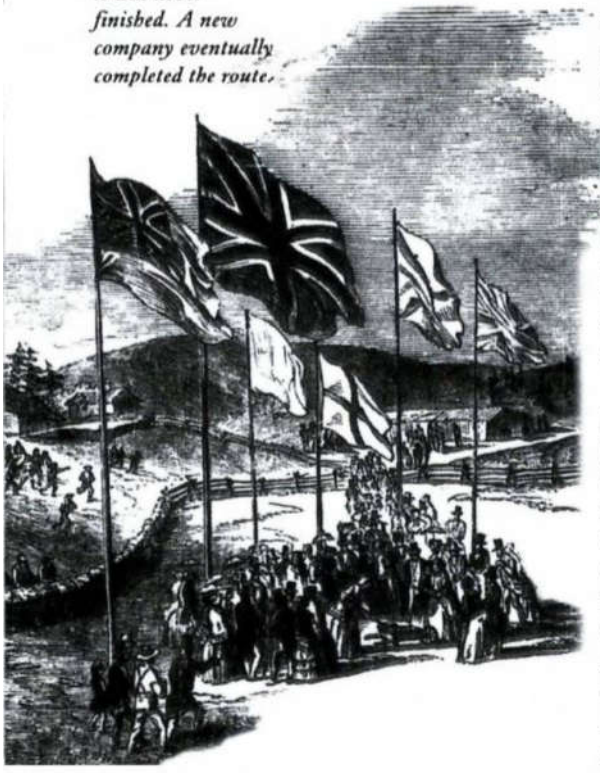
So wrote James Boyd, acting immigration officer for the New Brunswick port of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, in a letter to John Saunders, the provincial secretary. The date was June 1848, and the unfortunate people of whom he wrote were destitute refugees from famine-stricken Ireland.

A series of potato crop failures in the previous three years had deprived the vast majority of Irish rural dwellers of their staple diet and created a situation in which emigration was for many the only alternative to starvation. In the ten years between 1845 and 1854 over 2,250,000 Irish people crossed the Atlantic in the most primitive conditions. The United States was the chief destination; fewer than 500,000 sailed to Canada. Most had no idea what to expect on their arrival in either country. Some, such as the 383 passengers of the *Star*, poor tenant farmers and landless labourers from county Wicklow, however, were more fortunate. They had been

promised three months' work on railroad construction in New Brunswick, after which they might be kept on. Even if the work period was not extended, they would have money in their pockets to help them further west to pursue their modest dreams. In comparison to the vast majority of famine emigrants, they appeared to have been in an enviable position. But things did not go according to plan. In St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, a small town in New Brunswick's southwest corner, their dreams turned to nightmare.

St. Andrews was founded in the 1780s and prospered at first from fishing and timber exports. But by the 1830s both trades had shrunk, and it was clear that St. Andrews would have to do something to halt the erosion of its commercial importance. The favoured proposal was a rail link with the city of Quebec. But for all its many advantages as a trading centre, Quebec had one major drawback – the annual icing-up of the Saint Lawrence closed the port for several months. St. Andrews had no such problem and if a rail link were made with Quebec, trade could continue all year round.

At a public meeting in 1835, the St. Andrews & Quebec Railway Association came into being. Within a year it had the backing of the New Brunswick authorities and widespread support in Quebec and Nova Scotia. The British government granted £10,000 towards the costs of surveying the proposed route, and the New Brunswick Legislative Assembly passed a bill incorporating the company with a capital stock of £750,000. Construction was to begin when one-third of the shares had been subscribed.



The St. Andrews & Quebec Railway began with high hopes of pulling St. Andrews, New Brunswick out of the economic doldrums. But the rail link took more than a decade to organize, and, in the end, beaten by a rival American company, it was never finished. A new company eventually completed the route.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES OF NEW BRUNSWICK / P110-643

It took ten years to put the project in place. In early 1847, a board of influential British shareholders was established after successful attempts to increase investors on both sides of the Atlantic. The New Brunswick Legislative Assembly passed the appropriate bill granting property and building materials to the company. The Assembly also agreed to underwrite a guaranteed minimum dividend of 5 percent (to the English investors only) for a period of ten years. Everything was in place and work began on the long-awaited railroad in November 1847.

The president of the board of the St. Andrews & Quebec Railway Association was William Thomas Fitzwilliam, 6th Earl Fitzwilliam, the owner of Coolattin, an 85,000-acre estate covering one-fifth of the entire county of Wicklow. On the estate lived lived more than 20,000 tenants. Lord Fitzwilliam was an absentee landlord (he had two more estates in England), but unlike the usual absentee he took a close interest in Coolattin's management and was remarkably well versed in its minutia. Though day-to-day running of the estate was left to his agent, Robert Chaloner, few decisions were made without Fitzwilliam's approval.

For generations the Fitzwilliams had been regarded as liberal landlords who believed that the welfare of their tenants was not only morally laudable but made good business sense as well. They paid higher wages and charged lower rents than other employers and landlords in the region. Protestants, they were tolerant of Roman Catholicism, donated land toward the building of Catholic churches, and encouraged and financially supported education in church schools of either faith.

Of the Fitzwilliam estate's 85,000 acres, however, only about 800 were worked by the estate staff. The rest was leased and rented out to what became a multitiered structure of tenants and subtenants, the former profitting from the latter so that the poorest often paid proportionally the highest rent.

County Wicklow was economically better off than most of the other counties of Ireland, but a great deal of poverty existed among those on the bottom rungs of the social ladder, particularly among the landless labouring class. In general, the land on the Fitzwilliam estate was poor and needed regular treatment with animal manure and lime. There was never enough of the former and the latter had to be brought from twenty miles away, a costly exercise. This drove many into debt from money lenders whose rates of interest were usually about 40 percent. When tenants and subtenants fell behind in rent, the immediate landlord, whether the estate or a middleman, usually obtained legal permission to "distrain" the value; that is seize goods from the defaulter to the value of the rent owed. There was a fee for this legal permission, which was added to the amount owed. This constant erosion of what little capital and goods smallholders might have

JIM REES

Coolattin House, Irish seat of the Fitzwilliam family. The Coolattin estate comprised 85,000 acres in county Wicklow. Before the potato famine of the mid-1840s, the estate was home to more than 20,000 tenant farmers. During the clearances immediately following the famine, Fitzwilliam was able to reduce his estate's population by nearly a third.

amassed in rare good years made it impossible for them to improve their holdings. This general downward trend in the economy caused greatest hardship among the smallholders with between ten and fifty acres and increased unemployment among the landless labourers.

In practice, the landless labourers seldom handled cash. They "paid" their rent in free labour, but with the demand for their services diminishing each year, the poverty in which they lived became horrific. According to a Roman Catholic priest on the Fitzwilliam estate, giving evidence before a Commission inquiring into the state of land tenure and general social conditions in Ireland in 1844, "it is dreadful to consider the starvation they are subject to"–and that was the year before the major potato crop failures, which heralded the Great Famine. Twenty-eight percent of families in county Wicklow lived in one-roomed stone or mud cabins, topped with the poorest thatch. The mud floor had no covering.

For the majority of the people in rural Ireland at that time the staple diet was potato and buttermilk. Not only was the potato highly nutritious but it could be grown easily and abundantly on small plots of ground. It was a wonder food, but it was highly prone to disease. Seldom a year went by without a localized outbreak of blight. Seldom a decade passed without a widespread crop failure. Even in good years, there were the annual "hungry months" between the last of the old crop being consumed and the harvesting of the new. It was life by brinkmanship. In 1845, there was a partial failure of the potato crop. In 1846, the crop was a total disaster. Local economies collapsed.

As a result of the Poor Law passed in the late 1830s, a simple system of social welfare existed in Ireland. The law set up 130 workhouses to accommodate 100,000 inmates, and was funded by taxes levied on property owners. The workhouses themselves and the harshness with which they were run were deliberately designed to discourage anyone seeking admittance. Only "destitute persons who were either incurably lame, blind, sick, or labouring under bodily infirmity" would be admitted, writes Kevin Byrne in his history of the Rathdrum Workhouse, *From Shadow to Sunlight*. "Orphaned children left in a state of destitution" would also be allowed in. Punishment for infringement of rules and insubordination ranged from solitary confinement to expulsion.

Despite the extreme bleakness of such a regime, workhouses were inundated by people clamouring for admission following the severe potato shortage of 1845. Soon every workhouse in the country was filled beyond its intended numbers. They became hotbeds of contagion, as paupers were admitted suffering from fever brought on by malnutrition. The Poor Law, less than ten years old, became useless, requiring extensive redrafting of the legislation. To qualify more destitute people for relief, the Poor Law was amended to extend benefits to those outside the workhouses, with a rate increase imposed to cover costs. Hardest hit were the big landlords. They

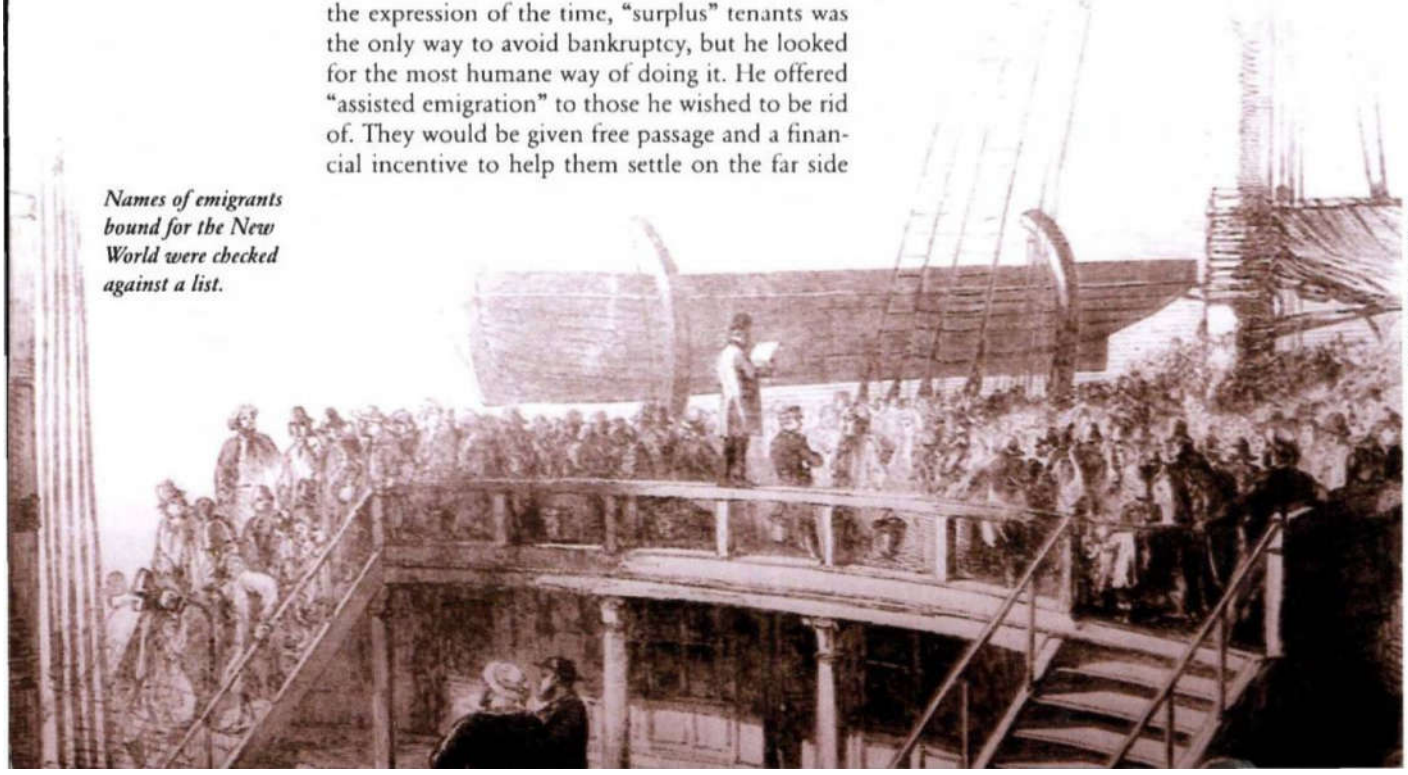
THE MANSELL COLLECTION

Famine was so extensive in the wake of the potato crop failure, workhouses were inundated with crowds clamouring for admittance.

found themselves faced with reducing the number of uneconomic tenants on their estates, and getting them out of their district where they would not be a burden on the rates. Large scale evictions, known as clearances, took place. There was no agreed policy between landlords; each acted as he saw fit or as his wealth allowed. In the vast majority of cases, poor tenants were simply turned out on the road to fend for themselves as best they could. Some wandered into towns to live in unspeakable squalour, others moved from place to place. Many died by the roadside, their mouths stained green from chewing grass.

Fitzwilliam was one of the landlords most affected. He knew that shedding unviable, or in the expression of the time, "surplus" tenants was the only way to avoid bankruptcy, but he looked for the most humane way of doing it. He offered "assisted emigration" to those he wished to be rid of. They would be given free passage and a financial incentive to help them settle on the far side of the Atlantic. In most cases, the sum offered was ten shillings, but some tenants managed to negotiate much better terms. The estate also agreed to purchase any crops in the ground. Of the two and a quarter million Irish people who went to America between 1845 and 1854, only 50,000 received financial help from their landlords. Almost 6,000 of these were from the Fitzwilliam estate. None, except a relatively small number of workhouse inmates, received any assistance from government to emigrate.

In March 1847, Robert Chaloner opened the estate emigration book. In it, he recorded the names of every tenant and family member prepared to leave for America. This did not refer to



THE MANSELL COLLECTION

Names of emigrants bound for the New World were checked against a list.

the United States, but to British North America – Canada. Between April and August, 313 families, comprising 2,207 men, women, and children left Coolattin for Quebec. They were among 98,000 refugees who sailed up the St. Lawrence that year to a country that was ill-prepared to receive such a deluge of pauperism.

The following year, in February 1848, just as Robert Chaloner was drawing up that year's quota of surplus tenantry (181 families, comprising 1,271 individuals), and three months after the initial work on the New Brunswick–Quebec railroad route had begun, Fitzwilliam struck a deal with the railroad directors. He would supply one hundred men for three months at the rate of two shillings a day. He would pay the wage costs – about £1,000 – and, in return, would receive the appropriate amount of shares in the company. On the face of it, the plan seemed to benefit everyone: Fitzwilliam would be rid of another batch of tenants; the tenants would arrive in Canada with the prospect of three months' paid employment ahead of them; and the railroad company would be getting one hundred workers whom someone else was paying.

Chaloner set about organizing not only one hundred able-bodied men but also their families. In all, 383 individuals prepared to emigrate to St. Andrews. The railroad company had no idea that anyone other than the hundred workers would be dispatched, and therein lay the seeds of a misunderstanding that was to have catastrophic effects in the months ahead. While other emigrant-laden ships were bound for Quebec, one ship, the *Star,* was bound for New Brunswick. After thirty-seven days at sea, the *Star* arrived in St. Andrews on May 28. The passage had been uneventful until the ship reached the Grand Banks and hit rough weather. Of the 383 passengers, sixty-three were badly stricken; nine died. One poor soul was born en route, only to die ten days later without ever experiencing life outside the hull of an emigrant ship.

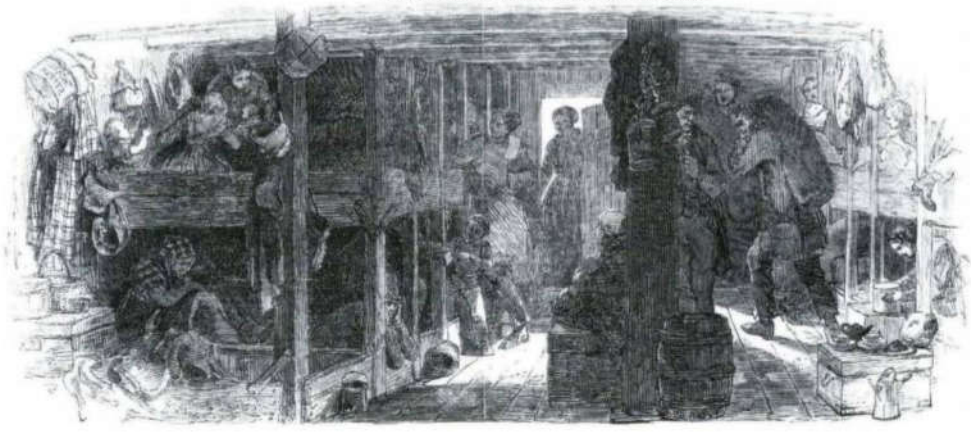
The *Star* anchored at Little Hardwood Island, better known as Hospital Island, the most wretched of a sprinkling of islands in Passamaquoddy Bay. Unlike the bigger Hardwood Island a few hundred yards east, Hospital Island had no well or spring. Water had to be ferried across the sound. It had been designated a quarantine station in 1832, in response to the arrival of cholera and typhus sufferers, chosen because it was the most useless piece of property in the bay. A two-storey hospital with basement, measuring sixty by twenty-five feet, had been erected to cope with the emergency. Another, smaller hospital had been added later as had a doctor's house, a keeper's house, and a shed.

The passengers and crew could not leave the *Star* until they had been inspected by the port's medical officer. The overall welfare of arriving immigrants, however, was the responsibility of the port's acting immigration officer, James Boyd, one of several extra officers hired by the province to help the province's lone immigration officer, Moses Perley, deal with the influx of destitute Irish.

In the company of a Dr. McStay, Boyd visited the *Star* the day after she arrived and spoke to the passengers to see if they had any complaints about their treatment at the hands of the master and crew on the voyage. He later wrote to John Saunders, "[they] all spoke unequivocally in the highest terms of the master and the surgeon," who had kept the ship clean, fumigated, and ventilated throughout the voyage, and had not apparently cut back on provisions. Because the island had insufficient room to accommodate everyone at one time, the passengers were split into two groups. Half the healthy passengers were to be landed; the rest were to wash and clean on board before moving to the island for a few days prior to final discharge.

Boyd ordered Captain Baldwin to send ashore any provisions that had been designated for the

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS PICTURE LIBRARY



Emigration vessels were often cramped and unhealthy below deck. But the captain of the* Star, *which carried 383 of Coolattin's tenants to New Brunswick, saw to it the ship was cleansed, fumigated and ventilated at regular intervals, with no apparent cutting back on provisions. His passengers later praised his efforts.

use of the immigrants. Contrary to the glowing reports he had heard from the passengers about the provisions during the voyage, Baldwin found the quality of the food once unloaded so poor that he deemed it unsafe to eat. Daily, the immigrants complained to Boyd about their overcrowded state. In desperation, they asked to be distributed along the railway line for the purpose of working, but this was not possible as the railway company had yet to erect shanties for them.

Boyd called on Harris Hatch, the vice-president of the St. Andrews & Quebec Railway Association, and told him almost three hundred people were crowded into places not sufficient to contain a third that number. Hatch told him to mind his own business. But, as acting immigration officer, Boyd was responsible for the welfare of the immigrants. Hatch, on the other hand, felt that once they had been landed, Boyd no longer had any authority in the matter. But Boyd was not so easily dismissed, and he warned that if the company did not supply "proper wholesome provision and furnish them [the immigrants] with more accommodation," he would feel it his duty to do so and report the conduct of the company to the lieutenant governor. This had the desired effect and work on building shanties got under way, primitive though they were. Had the shanties been ready when the ship arrived, Boyd was sure much of the postarrival sickness would have been avoided. Because of this negligence, the company, Boyd felt, should be made to pay the expenses, not the province.

Meanwhile, it had rained every day since the passengers' arrival, making conditions on the island even worse than usual. Six new cases of fever resulted in four deaths. When the weather finally broke, cleaning and washing got under way and things began to look better. Boyd expressed hope that a large proportion of the passengers would be released in the following days to the mainland where the directors of the railway company were preparing to receive them.

The railway company was also giving food to people who had left the island for the mainland but were too debilitated to work. (By law, the magistrates were required to supply food to immigrants only as long as they remained *on* the island.) The directors of the railway company were far from pleased with the situation. Their charity was putting a strain on their resources while at the same time they were being accused by Boyd of not living up to their responsibilities. As far as the officers of the railway company were concerned, they had agreed to receive one hundred men capable of working on construction. They could not believe Fitzwilliam had sent out entire families. Fitzwilliam explained that, to the Irish mind, emigration was bad enough, but separation from family was unthinkable, so the only way to get one hundred men to work on the railway in New Brunswick had been to send their families with them. The railroad men were unconvinced, but nonetheless decided to uphold their part of the agreement – to employ one hundred men for three months. But even this presented the company with a problem. According to a report made to the lieutenant governor's office:

Of those taken into the service of the company, some were aged and so infirm as to be almost past labour; one or two (were) over seventy years of age and one nearly blind; all enfeebled by the passage and sickness; not over one-half could be rated as able-bodied men.

Of the healthy *Star* passengers, some were already taking steps to make St. Andrews their permanent home, unlike most Irish immigrants who had merely used the place as a port of entry. William Mahood, the deputy surveyor of Charlotte County, accompanied them to a tract of land adjacent to the railway line on which they hoped to establish a settlement. Mahood agreed that the land was suitable for such a purpose, but added nothing could be done until the exact location of the rail track was determined, as the railway company had been granted a twenty-foot margin of land on either side. While this was a valid point, it should be noted that the British government had also granted the company 20,000 unspecified acres with frontage on the line to entice immigrants to settle along the route of the railroad. However, the Irish, particularly the poor Irish, were categorized by the British establishment and in the British press as being feckless, victims of their own social and cultural inadequacies. Contemporary newspapers are replete with references to the famine being God's retribution on such a backward, superstitious race. The Irish mass exodus across the Atlantic was looked upon as a solution to an intractable problem. But it was a "solution" that the New Brunswick establishment did not welcome. Such an influx may be useful for temporary labour, but poor Irish were not wanted as permanent settlers. This view is evident in a letter written to one of St. Andrews's leading citizens by John Wilson, the prime mover behind the railroad: "I am trying your plan to get good men to settle on the line, say English and Scotchmen who have some capital who will be shareholders and who will be settlers in the upcountry." Irish paupers did not fit the bill.

By August, all the *Star* passengers had been transferred to the mainland, but many were still far from well. By the winter of 1848–49, the crisis

for Fitzwilliam's erstwhile tenants had deteriorated further. On January 2, the railway company wrote to James Boyd stating it had already employed the immigrants three months longer than agreed and would have to let them go due to lack of finance. A copy of the letter was sent to Boyd's superiors at the provincial secretary's office. Boyd sent a stinging reply to Mr. John Richard Partelow, John Saunders' successor as provincial secretary, blaming the bulk of the woes on the railway company's negligence. He urged the province to intervene before the immigrants were forced to resort to crime to maintain themselves.

In February, the province provided forty overcoats and one hundred pairs of shoes for the immigrants of the *Star*. But while welcoming any help, people were tired of living off charity. They had left Ireland hoping to make something of their lives. They wanted to put down roots in St. Andrews and show that given the opportunity they would prove to be decent, respectable members of the community. But how where they to achieve this? Their July request for land – which they had been willing to pay for – had been refused. In March, they tried again. With the support of some of the town's leading citizens, they wrote to the lieutenant governor, Edmund Wicker, requesting a land grant of fifty acres per family and loans of money to see them through to their first crops. This request was also denied, though the reason for this, other than perhaps anti-Irish feeling, is unclear.

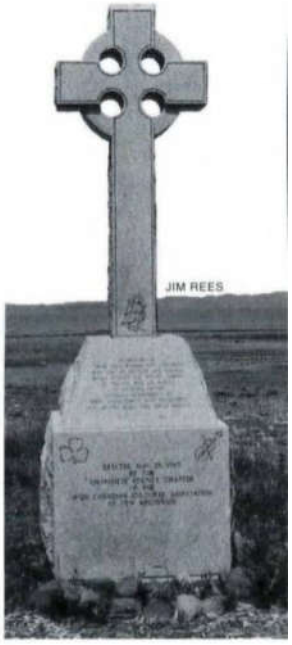
On March 30, any *Star* passengers still working on the railroad were discharged by the company. They were destitute, and Boyd attributed that destitution to "small wages and short time." When they applied to him for assistance he wrote to the lieutenant governor's office to see if he was authorized to provide it. Four days later, the magistrates of St. Andrews also wrote to the lieutenant governor's office stating that the destitute immigrants were now roaming the streets in a half-starved condition and threatening to take what they needed if they did not get assistance.

By April, many of the immigrants were dependent on the meat and molasses provided by the province, and Boyd could see no end to their plight. With the influx of new immigrants at hand, he asked for £150 from provincial coffers to get many of them to Boston, Portland, or Bangor, U.S. destinations much closer and cheaper to reach than Ontario. Even if the people of St. Andrews wished to support the immigrants, they were not financially able to do so. Local business was at a standstill and the indigenous population was finding it difficult enough to get work for themselves. In such circumstances, it was unreasonable to expect the townspeople to feed and shelter a constant stream of newly arrived destitute people in their small town. Once the offer of free or assisted passage into the United States was made, the immigrants themselves would have to decide whether to go or stay – but if they stayed they would have to fend for themselves and would be no longer entitled to relief. It was a repeat of their experience in Ireland a year earlier. Then they'd been urged to emigrate to Canada or starve in Ireland; now the choice was move on to the United States or starve in New Brunswick.

Despite these urgings, a surprising number of *Star* passengers remained in the St. Andrews area, settling in the Waweig district adjacent to the railway line. In 1861, some ninety former passengers were still in St. Andrews; several families spent the rest of their lives there. Of all the shiploads of Irish famine emigrants that passed through St. Andrews, only those who had arrived on the *Star* were to have a lasting impact on the resident community.

The railway project itself turned out to be a failure. The start-stop nature of the enterprise saw only nine miles of track completed in four years. Across the St. Croix river, in the U.S., a rival company completed a line connecting Portland with Quebec in the same period. John Wilson, whose dream had disintegrated, lost much of his fortune and died in 1856. A new company eventually completed the route. Indications, however, suggest Fitzwilliam's belief (and financial interest) in this project did not wane. In June 1852, Fitzwilliam's niece, a Mrs. Murray, turned the first sod on the next stage of the route while one of the locomotives built for the company in 1857 was named Earl Fitzwilliam.

The Fitzwilliam clearance policy ran from 1847 to 1856, and a total of 5,995 surplus tenants sailed for Canada, reducing the estate's population to 14,000 from 20,000. Numbers declined further in following decades as more families made their way to the New World, some financially assisted by the estate, others funded from their own resources with money received from family members who had preceded them to the U.S. and Canada. By the turn of the century, however, land reform was well under way in Ireland, and tenant farmers were helped by government loans to buy their holdings from their landlords. As a result the Coolattin estate shrank dramatically. The Fitzwilliam family sold the property in the 1970s. They donated their estate papers, going back 250 years, to the Irish nation. ◆



***Celtic cross raised in St. Andrews in 1995 to commemorate the passengers of the* Star.**

Jim Rees is an Irish historian with a particular interest in maritime history. He is the author of four books. His fifth, The Surplus People, *will be published in 1999. He lives in Arklow, Ireland.*

by Lita-Rose Betcherman

Lèse majesté: THE TRIAL OF AARO VAARA

Even today news of the Royal Family can sweep other concerns from the headlines. In 1928, it was never more so. King George V was ill and newspapers throughout the Empire devoted their attention to every detail of His Majesty's condition. But one man, writing in a Finnish-language newspaper in Sudbury, dismissed the fuss.

He was arrested.

In 1928 criticizing the monarchy was not simply bad manners. It was a criminal offense.

In 1928, Sudbury, the centre of nickel mining and smelting in Ontario, bore more than a passing resemblance to Dante's Inferno. There, the Canadian Shield, denuded of its pine forest, exposed itself in strange outcroppings of black rock while near the mineheads slag heaps created more black hills, and the old, abandoned process of roasting ore in the open air had left vast pits like scars on the Earth's face. Although the roasting beds no longer smouldered for months at a time, the yellow sulphur fumes, channelled through giant stacks, continued to cast a permanent pall over the town.

The mines and smelters of the International Nickel Company and the British-owned Mond Company were worked by French-Canadian and immigrant labour. Of the latter, the majority were Finns. Unassimilated, they retained their own language and most spoke little or no English. It was widely believed that they were communists and it was a fact that the large Finnish Organization of Canada had joined the Communist Party of Canada as a bloc. (Together with ULFTA, the Ukrainian Labour-Farmer Temple Association, the FOC provided the numerical strength in an otherwise insignificant Communist party.) Cloistered in their own communities, many Finns looked to the FOC organ, *Vapaus*, as a guide to living in this new land. *Vapaus* wielded considerable influence, not only in Sudbury where it was

THE TOR

TEN PHYSICIANS

MORE PHYSICIANS HOLD MEETING OVER CONDITION OF THE ROYAL PATIENT

T.T.C. Use Buses To Replace Cars On Bay St. Bridge

GERMAN, POLISH ENVOYS CLASH AT LEAGUE TABLE

STRESEMANN DENIES

PREMIER TAKES RULE OF LABOR MEDIATI

In late 1928 King George V was stricken with pleurisy, causing great consternation in the press. Coincidentally, the same newspaper mentioned Sudbury minister T.D. Jones (misspelled I.D. Jones, right), the man who brought the King's critics to the attention of authorities.

published, but among the Finnish families living in isolated homesteads along the railroad lines throughout northern Ontario. As with all the communist press, its language and content tended to be inflammatory.

It was not often that *Vapaus,* like the bourgeois press it despised, concerned itself with the Royal Family. In early December 1928, however, it ran two pieces on the monarchy. George V was seriously ill with pleurisy, and Canadian newspapers, Liberal and Conservative, were devoting front-page coverage to the daily bulletins that came over the wire on the King's health. During this same period, there were reports of great distress in the coalfields of South Wales. It was said that some of the out-of-work miners could not feed their families and that children were facing starvation.

In the December 4 issue of *Vapaus,* an article appeared on the royal illness. In translation it read:

George is said to be suffering from whooping cough. He is supposed to have gotten it when he had to stand bare-headed outdoors for two minutes at a certain festivity. Now one telegram after another is sent out informing the devout worshippers of the kingship of the slightest move which "our King" makes resting on his pillows.

Will the King die is all the same to us. The social order will be equally oppressive to the poor, whoever is king. Capital really rules in modern society. Kingship being only a lawful piece of decoration while gluttonous financiers riot with the wealth secured through workers' blood and sweat. Of the King's condition the whole world is informed through telegrams. But is anything wired of the condition of the millions who right now live in utter misery in the very heart of the British Empire? No, they are not telegraphed about. Efforts are made to conceal such matters, they not being in accord with the fomenting of patriotic enthusiasm.

So, will the King die? If he does we hope royalty will die with him and a workers' republic take its place. A change of kings will not better our conditions, no matter who holds the scepter. Only the rise to power of the workers themselves will save us from the curse of capitalism.

The same issue contained a flippant article on the Prince of Wales whose African safari was interrupted by his father's illness.

On the evening of December 13, the editor of *Vapaus,* Aaro Vaara, was arrested at his rooming house by the Sudbury chief of police and charged with seditious libel under Section 133 of the Criminal Code. In announcing the arrest in Toronto, the Ontario attorney general, Colonel William Price, said that his department paid little attention as a rule to the communists who were just publicity-seekers, but in this instance the matter could not be ignored. "It is a serious thing to attack the King," Colonel Price told the press, "and there are several sections of the Criminal Code dealing specifically with that kind of sedition." He concluded, "No one is allowed to even belittle the reigning sovereign."

NTO DAILY STAR

5 O'CLOCK EDITION

TWO CENTS

ONFER ABOUT KING'S HEALTH

FLU EPIDEMIC SPREADS

His Majesty in Childhood Days

THE TORONTO DAILY STAR

5 O'CLOCK EDITION

TWO CENTS

HIS MAJESTY SLIGHTLY IMPROVED, SAYS RUMOR

PRINCE, SPEEDING HOME SMILES ON RECEIVING MESSAGE OF 'GOOD NEWS'

Bulletins Tell Of Prince's Dash To Royal Bedside

Prince of Wales Expected at King's Bedside To-Night

CITY HALL OFFICIALS HOLD RUBBER STAMP CHARGE A JOKE

BOLIVIA'S REFUSAL OF ARBITRATION CAUSES ANXIETY

CALMING SEAS LESSEN DANGER OF CELTIC CREW

PLAN TO ACQUIRE GRENADIER POND OPPOSED BY MANY

TUMBLING STOCK MARKET HITS CHRISTMAS TRADE

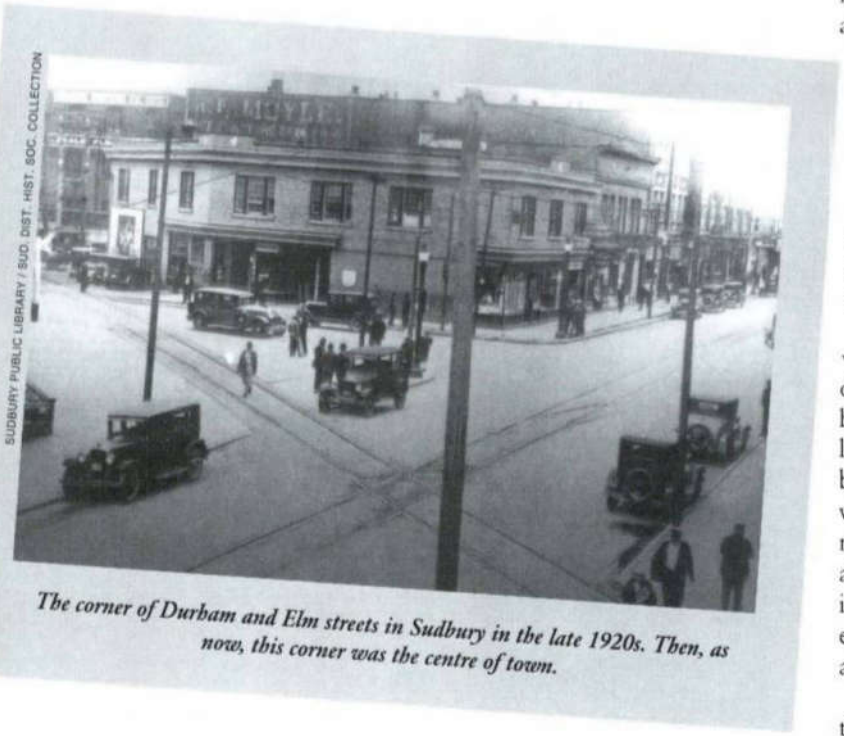
ABBE WOULD BAR DIVORCEES FROM ENTERING CANADA

Watch for a New Serial To-morrow In The Daily Star

TORONTO REFERENCE LIBRARY

How had an article from a Finnish-language paper come to the attorney general's eye? The instigator was one Reverend T.D. Jones, director of a United Church Home Mission in the Sudbury region. "Prompted by loyal motives," according to the Toronto *Globe*, he brought the *Vapaus* articles to the attention of the press and the authorities. Bearing in hand a translation prepared by a Finnish minister associated with him in his missionary work, Jones marched into the offices of the *Sudbury Star*. The paper ran the articles in full, under the headline "*Vapaus* Launches Tirade Against Royalty. Obviously Treasonable Article Translated."

The matter was immediately taken in hand by Sudbury's Crown attorney, R.R. McKessock, who, according to his law partner, was "highly incensed." Indeed, King George may well have had no more loyal subject in the Dominion than Major McKessock. Then in his fifties, he was a handsome man, almost the stereotype of a British officer, with a neatly trimmed moustache and military bearing. In 1914, he had bid goodbye to his wife and child and closed up his law practice to enlist for overseas duty. He had served in France until taken prisoner at the battle of St. Julien. Awarded the Military Cross for bravery, he returned to Sudbury to a hero's welcome. After the war, McKessock resumed his law practice and his position as part-time Crown attorney, but much of his time was devoted to the formation of the Great War Veterans Association, the forerunner of the Royal Canadian Legion. The *Vapaus* articles were anathema to him. "Any remarks seeking to belittle, disparage, or ridicule royalty may be interpreted as treason," he informed the *Sudbury Star*. "I intend to investigate."



The corner of Durham and Elm streets in Sudbury in the late 1920s. Then, as now, this corner was the centre of town.

Although the Toronto *Globe*, with its metropolitan bias, insisted that McKessock acted on instructions from the attorney general, the initiative may have originated in Sudbury. Colonel Price was quoted as saying, "I am glad to know that the local Crown attorney has already taken action and is conducting an investigation." As it happened, McKessock had access to the attorney general beyond that of most Crown attorneys. Price was his cousin and had studied law with him.

McKessock's patriotic indignation was heartily shared by the Legion. The Sudbury branch was extremely anticommunist. For some time it had been calling for an inquiry into the Pioneer School at Liberty Hall, the Finnish community centre, which it asserted was nothing more than a breeding ground for Reds. The *Vapaus* articles slurring the king had the Legion up in arms. In instituting legal proceedings, McKessock had the Legion marching squarely behind him.

While the Legion was more vociferous, it accurately expressed public opinion. The *Sudbury Star* articles had "an electrifying effect" upon the townsfolk. Given the popularity of the monarchy, heightened by human-interest stories of the sick king, English-speaking Sudbury was shocked. And strong anticommunism, instilled by the priests, put the French-Canadian population on the same side. Public feeling ran so high that a petition signed by "the very best elements" was later presented to the House of Commons asking for *Vapaus*'s suppression.

Thus Vaara's arrest was the main topic of conversation not only in the Legion hall but up and down Elm Street and in all Sudbury's many hotels and beer parlours. In police court the following morning, Vaara was released for a week on bail of $10,000 (an enormous sum at the time), which was supplied by the FOC. In a special midnight edition, *Vapaus* called the charge of sedition absurd. It cited similar articles published with impunity in the radical press in Great Britain and even in *The Worker*, the Communist Party of Canada's organ.

The question arises whether there was more to the Vaara prosecution than patriotic outrage. In the first place, it appears that the Reverend T.D. Jones was prompted by more than "loyal motives." He admitted in the *Globe* his missionary work was severely hampered by the Red Finns and that he and his fellow United Church missionaries endured considerable ridicule in the

pages of *Vapaus*. It would seem that Jones was fighting for souls with the Communists and losing. Personal spite undoubtedly played a part in the Vaara affair.

There was also the fact that *Vapaus* was running a campaign to organize the Finnish miners. There were no unions at International Nickel, nor at the nickel mines owned by the Mond interests of Great Britain, nor, for that matter, at any of the northern Ontario mines. Earlier unionization attempts had proved too weak to survive the mine operators' opposition. Company police posted at the railway station hustled all known union organizers back on the train. Workers who agitated for unions were promptly fired.

ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO

Authur Roebuck, Aaro Vaara's attorney. Though he was, by all appearances, a card-carrying member of the Establishment, his sympathies were for the less privileged. Communist Party of Canada leader Tim Buck called him "a very liberal Liberal."

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Sudbury Courthouse, where Vapaus *editor Aaro Vaara was tried on a charge of seditious libel.*

The official Communist Party line on the Vaara case was that it was a deliberate attempt to get rid of all those who were helping to organize the nickel industry. *The Worker* predicted that "with a move on foot to organize the unorganized in basic industries, and nickel mining is one of the most important, the government authority will come down with an iron fist."

There may have been something to these suspicions. A merger between Inco and Mond Nickel was in the wind. That autumn Sir Alfred Mond, newly created Lord Melchett, had visited Canada, fuelling speculation on Bay Street and St. James Street. Inco's stock was soaring, with speculators driving it up twenty-two points on a single day in anticipation of the merger. In what was regarded as a preliminary to merger, Inco's parent company in the United States transferred ownership to its Canadian subsidiary to elude the much tougher American antitrust laws. Out of the merger the Sudbury company would arise as a giant corporation controlling ninety per cent of the world's supply of nickel.

Labour unrest during this critical period would have been inopportune, to say the least. Did the provincial government, as *The Worker* claimed, intervene to silence its editor because *Vapaus* was spearheading a drive for unionization among the hitherto docile Finnish miners? The Tory administration at Queen's Park was the recognized benefactor of the mine operators. The government's policy was based on the premise that Ontario's prosperity was inextricably bound up with a profitable mining industry. Premier Howard Ferguson justified a minimal mining tax on the grounds that the industry was highly speculative and had to attract risk capital. As a result, little of the enormous mineral wealth pulled from the earth of northern Ontario during the mining boom of the 1920s profited the public treasury. Nor did it ease the hard life of the miners who toiled to bring it forth. Still it is undeniable that northern Ontario's greatest prosperity occurred during these robber-baron days. The timing of the Vaara prosecution lends credence to the Communist accusations, suggesting that it may have been another instance of Queen's Park's protective attitude towards the mining corporations.

In any event, Premier Ferguson abandoned his benign neglect of the Communists over the Vaara affair. "Communism," he declared in the *Globe*, "will be rooted out."

On December 28, a preliminary hearing was held in Sudbury. It was largely a family affair, with Crown attorney R.R. McKessock appearing for the prosecution, and his brother, Magistrate J.S. McKessock, sitting on the bench. In a northern mining community this relationship occasioned no adverse comment. Indeed the townsfolk were proud to have men of the calibre of the McKessocks among them. Besides, the administration of justice was an informal process in northern Ontario, with none of the morning-suit dignity of magistrate court in Toronto. J.S. – a balding, skinny man far less prepossessing in appearance than R.R. – whiled away the hours between sessions playing cards with the boys

upstairs until someone called "court's starting," and down he came.

Counsel for the defence in the Vaara trial was Arthur Roebuck from Toronto. Of patrician appearance, with a pince-nez on a black ribbon and an old-fashioned high collar, he was an unlikely looking advocate for an immigrant communist in a mining town. But Roebuck had ties with the north. Formerly owner and editor of a couple of small-town newspapers in northeastern Ontario, he had tried unsuccessfully (as a Liberal and a Labour candidate) to represent the area both in the House of Commons and the provincial legislature. He had come to the practice of law late in life, almost certainly with a political career in view. After his electoral defeats he opened a law practice in Toronto, but many of his clients, such as the FOC, were in the north. Roebuck had all the membership cards of the Establishment, yet unlike most of its members he had a deep sympathy for the underdog. Tim Buck, the Communist Party of Canada leader, aptly described him as "a very liberal Liberal."

At the preliminary hearing, the McKessocks found themselves confronted by the most hostile of witnesses and the most recalcitrant of translators. The Crown attorney had subpoenaed the *Vapaus* business manager with orders to produce the paper's subscription list. This the witness refused to do, fearing no doubt that *Vapaus* subscribers would find themselves visited by the RCMP or by immigration officers. Similarly, the translator called by the Crown refused to translate the articles, stating that his sympathies were all with the defence. Only when threatened with contempt of court did the two men comply – and not before the business manager had erased 500 of the 4,000 names on the list!

These problems resolved, the lawyers began their gentlemanly sparring. Roebuck contended there was no evidence that Vaara was responsible for the articles in question, and, moreover, while these may have been impolite they were not seditious. Sedition, he asserted, was the intention to incite change in the form of government by the use of force; it was not illegal, he went on, to advocate change in a lawful manner, as the *Vapaus* articles did. On these grounds he asked the court to dismiss the charges.

The Crown attorney replied that even if the editor did not write the articles, he had the last word, and the responsibility for publishing them. As for sedition, he stated it was that which disturbed the tranquillity of the state or brought into hatred or contempt the person of the king. Both fitted the present case. "The whole tone of the *Vapaus* articles has stirred every red-blooded British subject," McKessock declared, and in his view people would not remain tranquil in the face of such utterances.

Vapaus ***staff, 1927. Editor Aaro Vaara (seated, middle) would spend only another five years in Canada.***

Having heard the arguments, Magistrate McKessock found the accused responsible for publication of the articles. As for the second ground for dismissal advanced by the accused's lawyer, "he could not see but that the words were an incitement and did disturb the tranquillity of the State." The magistrate was particularly rankled by the paragraph about King George catching whooping cough by standing outside for two minutes at some festivity. "If that isn't trying to bring royalty into contempt I don't know what is," he concluded with feeling. As expected, Vaara was committed for trial.

On February 19, 1929, Aaro Vaara was tried before an Ontario Supreme Court judge and jury. To one Communist present in the Sudbury courthouse, the power of the Establishment was personified by the "sleek, satisfied judge." Mr. Justice William Henry Wright was a huge, florid man known as "Butcher" Wright to the irreverent young lawyers who appeared before him. His nickname was said to allude to his beefy and rather common appearance and not to his dispensation of justice. Still, Wright was a daunting presence on the bench, insistent on the strictest rules of court procedure and a rigid adherence to his rulings. No judge was freer with citations for

contempt. Court decorum, however, he saw as a one-sided obligation: he himself was given to outbursts of temper.

The courtroom was crowded with immigrant workers, friends, and supporters of the accused. As if to impress upon them the dread power of British law, His Lordship warned that silence must be observed or he would put the offenders in jail for contempt of court. One spectator seen whispering to his companion was summarily ejected from the room. Amid the suppressed excitement, the prisoner in the dock, a clean-cut man with a level gaze and light, wiry hair springing back from a high forehead, remained impassive as if, in his mind, the verdict of guilty was already in. Prominent among the host of witnesses was the Reverend T.D. Jones; of him Attorney General Price would later say that he had been "helpful to us at the time of the *Vapaus* prosecution."

The indictment cited both *Vapaus* articles in full, and early in the proceedings Roebuck objected vigorously on the ground that the offence was not specific enough. What exactly did the Crown object to? he inquired. Surely the references to the Prince of Wales could not be called seditious since the heir apparent was a private citizen. On this minor point the defence counsel enjoyed his only approbation from the bench in the day-long trial. While overruling Roebuck's motion to quash the indictment, His Lordship agreed that "it does not constitute a crime to speak in a slighting manner of the Prince of Wales," adding "however reprehensible it may be." Having tried and failed to have the case dismissed, Roebuck entered a plea of not guilty.

A row of Finnish witnesses subpoenaed by the Crown sat, awkward and uncomfortable, in their best suits. But McKessock had changed his mind and only two were called to testify. At the end of the case for the prosecution, Roebuck announced that he would not call any witnesses and launched into his address to the jury.

Looking every inch a gentleman of the old school, he began by associating himself with the monarchical sentiments of the twelve men in the jury box. However, he adjured them, "we should use a little of the patience and tolerance which our King exercises" in considering the position of the immigrants. "How different are the advantages you and I have had and those of others who have recently reached our shores." (Clearly, Vaara was not being judged by his peers, immigrants like himself, but by middle-class, native-born citizens.) Roebuck suggested that Vaara may have developed a distaste for monarchies from the undemocratic rulers of Germany and Russia.

He asserted that the Crown had not proved by a tittle of evidence that Vaara was the author of the articles. Nevertheless, he took the precaution of conducting the jury through a line-by-line analysis of the offending portions, arguing there was no manifest intention to incite to violence. Moreover, what was said was no less than the truth. "If two million are suffering from famine in England isn't it wise and well that we should say so?" Coming to the most objectionable part, "Will the King die is all the same to us," Roebuck contended that this was not an attack on the king; it was simply a declaration that society was really ruled by large-scale capital. Having completed his exegesis, he summed up for the jury: "Analyzed, what's it all about?"

The hostile *Globe* wrote that defence counsel "left no stone unturned in pressing for an acquittal." To *The Worker*'s reporter, it was "an eloquent appeal."

Although McKessock did not indulge in the high-flown oratory then common in the courtroom, according to his law partner he would belabour a point if he thought the jury was missing it. In his address he enlarged upon the offensive tone of the articles, not excluding the ruled-out references to the enormously popular Prince of Wales. The Crown took occasion, he said, to give lie to the insinuation that the heir to the throne was callous. He reminded the jury that the prince had made personal appeals to alleviate the conditions of the Welsh miners. Therefore was there any reason to broadcast the opposite impression? The Crown attorney asserted that the articles were intended to set class against class, Finns against English. To prove sedition it was merely necessary to show that the writings would set one class of His Majesty's subjects against another. The Crown had shown this. McKessock rested his case.

In his charge to the jury, the judge dismissed Roebuck's claim that the articles could not be attributed definitively to Vaara. He was the chief editor as testified to by witnesses and therefore responsible. "Is there any evidence here that any person other than the prisoner wrote or published these articles?" he asked. He instructed the jury that the accused was guilty on this count beyond a reasonable doubt – the proof required in a criminal charge.

"You are to say whether this article was intended to bring into hatred or contempt the person of His Majesty or of the government," His Lordship directed the twelve men in the jury box. "If you come to the conclusion that it is calculated or intended to excite ill-will between the different classes of the King's subjects, that is, between the workers referred to in the article and the capitalist class, or the other classes of the country, then that might be deemed to be seditious."

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After the jury retired, Roebuck took strong exception to the judge's instructions that the accused was responsible for the articles. Surely this was a point for the jury to decide. Wright waved away the objection; it had been amply proved in evidence, he stated impatiently.

The jury was out three hours, raising hopes in the defence of a split decision, but when the dozen men filed in they declared a guilty verdict. Roebuck requested that each juror state his verdict individually.

The judge was clearly pleased with the jury. "I think your verdict is well supported by the evidence," he commended them. Then turning to the prisoner he inflicted a verbal flogging: "There is a line to be drawn between honest criticism and a stirring up of strife against His Majesty the King. Your crime is of an unusual character. You came to this country to become a citizen and not to criticize its customs. Your act was a peculiarly heartless thing and you do not deserve the slightest consideration. There may have been honest criticism; that is not so serious as your inhumane attack."

Vaara was sentenced to six months in prison and a fine of $1,000. If the fine was not paid he would have to serve an additional two years. "With apparent calm," observed the *Toronto Daily Star* reporter, "Vaara buckled on his overshoes, took his hat and coat and left the room under escort."

It had been a hard day for Roebuck as well. The judge had supported the Crown throughout. Every motion Roebuck advanced had been denied. "It was a day of protestation without avail for the defence counsel," the *Globe* remarked cheerfully. Afterwards, Roebuck announced that on instructions from his client, the Finnish Organization of Canada, he would launch an appeal.

On March 6, 1929, Vaara's appeal was heard in Osgoode Hall in Toronto. Essentially it was grounded on the trial judge's prejudiced charge to the jury. Roebuck argued that the judge failed to state material facts favourable to the defence or stated inaccurately and prejudicially portions of unfavourable evidence. Furthermore, he claimed that the judge did not properly instruct the jury that the burden of proof was on the Crown, particularly with regard to the charge that the accused was responsible for the articles. In dismissing the appeal orally, Chief Justice Francis Robert Latchford dwelt upon the untimeliness of the remarks on the king's health.

It was no difficult matter to prove sedition in 1929. While Mr. Justice Wright was patently prejudiced against the accused, he was on firm legal ground in his instructions to the jury as to what constituted sedition. The Criminal Code did not define the offence. It was enough under the common law at that time to utter strong words against the government.

In fact, for Mr. Justice Wright, the Vaara trial proved to be a rehearsal. In 1931 he would preside at one of Canada's most famous state trials – the trial of Tim Buck and eight other Communists accused of sedition under the notorious Section 98 of the Criminal Code, enacted in the wake of the 1919 Winnipeg General Strike to indict its leaders.

But in 1928 Arthur Roebuck was ahead of the law by more than twenty years when he argued his client's innocence on the ground that there was no incitement to violence. It was not until the 1951 Supreme Court decision in the *Boucher* case that inciting to violence or public disorder became a necessary element in proving sedition.

After serving his sentence, Aaro Vaara went back to editing *Vapaus*. The onset of the Depression and the Bennett years sharpened his criticism of capitalism and the king, whom he regarded as its figurehead. In 1932 he was arrested in a police raid on his newspaper, transported to Halifax, and deported without trial to Finland. ◆

Lita-Rose Betcherman holds a Ph.D in history from the University of Toronto. She has published two books on the interwar period in Canada, The Swastika and the Maple Leaf *and* The Little Band. *At present she is completing a biography of Ernest Lapointe, Mackenzie King's Quebec lieutenant.*

by Abraham Arnold

Sir Wilfrid Laurier & CANADA'S JEWS

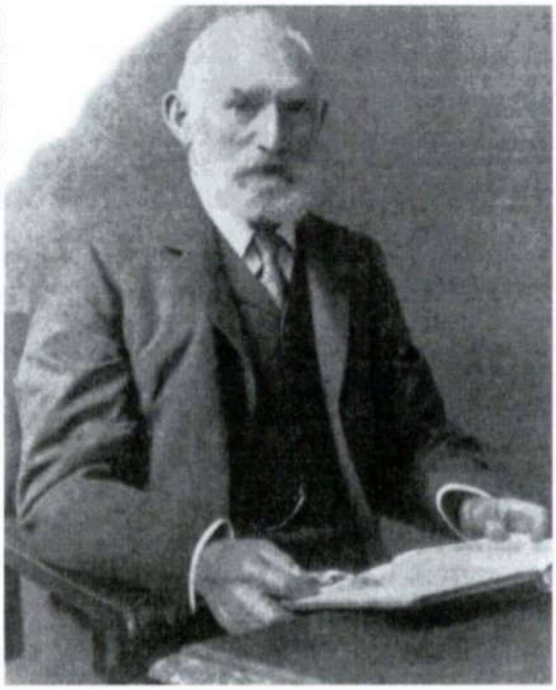
To the Jews of Europe, Canada represented endless possibilities for the future. For some, it was a refuge from the pogroms of Eastern Europe; for others, the possible site of an autonomous homeland in the West. Canada's seventh prime minister had his own vision of "one great united people," with no room for separate colonies. But in 1906 Canada's Jews seized on a supposed statement that Laurier had indeed promised such a settlement – a statement that has been the subject of speculation for more than ninety years.

In the annals of Canadian Jewish history, it is well known that Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier is alleged to have promised part of Manitoba to the Jews as a place where they might be granted "a measure of self-government," with their own bylaws, substituting Saturday for Sunday as the day of rest. Laurier supposedly made this offer to Herman Landau while visiting London in 1897 for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Landau, a London Jewish financier and philanthropist, claimed to have had an interview with the Canadian prime minister on the question of Jewish settlement in Canada. But this alleged exchange was only disclosed nine years later in a lecture entitled "Canada and the Jews," delivered by Landau to the Hampstead and St. John's Wood Jewish Literary Society. News of the lecture was reported in the *London Jewish Chronicle*, January 19, 1906 and reprinted in *The Jewish Times* of Montreal, February 9, 1906. (*The Jewish Times*, founded in late 1897 and published biweekly in English, was the first Jewish newspaper in Canada.) The report aroused some excitement in Canada's Jewish community, for not only did it contradict stated immigration policy, it encouraged the hope held by some Jews for a culturally autonomous Jewish territory.

W.J. TOPLEY / NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-025998

Sir Wilfrid Laurier opposed autonomous colonies for religious groups, but welcomed individuals willing to farm, even those his predecessors had deemed "undesirable."

Herman Landau, Jewish philanthropist, dropped a bomb at a 1906 lecture: Did Sir Wilfrid Laurier make a promise that was never kept?



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

JEWISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WESTERN CANADA

The Baron Maurice de Hirsch founded the Jewish Colonization Association for the purpose of resettling Eastern Europe's Jews as farmers. Through his philanthropy, a number of Jews would establish homesteads in western Canada.

So who was Herman Landau? And why would he make such a statement publicly? Landau was best known for his support of the East London Jewish Sheltering Home from 1885. His first known connection with Canada dates back to 1886, when he served as an agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Through this connection, he was able to send a group of young Russian Jews to take up land at Wapella, Saskatchewan. Landau likely made his 1906 statement about Laurier's offer because a Jewish territorialist organization was then actively seeking a location in any county where Jews might establish an autonomous settlement (as distinct from the Zionist goal of a Jewish homeland only in Palestine). In his lecture Landau also asserted that he was a friend of Baron Maurice de Hirsch, the European banker, railway builder, and philanthropist who began to assist in the resettlement of Jews from the Russian Empire after anti-Jewish pogroms intensified in that country following the assassination of Tsar Alexander II in 1880.

In 1887, when Lucien, the only child of Baron de Hirsch, died of pneumonia at age thirty-one, the Baron reportedly commented in response to a letter of condolence: "My son I have lost, but not my heir; humanity is my heir." In his lecture, Herman Landau stated that it was he who, on visiting the bereaved parents in Paris after the death of their son, had suggested they could "adopt all Israel as their children by founding colonies in Canada [to] rescue a great number of Jews from ... persecution ... at the hands of the autocratic Government of Russia." Landau claimed the Baron wrote to him shortly after, approving of this scheme and asking Landau if he could find a "devoted, self-sacrificing committee" to carry it out.

In fact, before he started such an organization, Baron de Hirsch had directed his philanthropic endeavours to support the work of the Alliance Israelite Universelle in Paris. And it was a representative of the Alliance who wrote to the Anglo-Jewish Association (not to Landau) on behalf of the Baron to inquire about the possibility of a Jewish farm colony in Canada. Moreover, the name of Herman Landau appears nowhere in any biographical works on the Baron, nor in the records of the Jewish Colonization Association (JCA), which the Baron founded in 1891 for the purpose of resettling Eastern European Jews in places where they could engage in agricultural or other constructive pursuits.

The same year that the JCA was founded, Montreal's Hebrew Benevolent Society (HBS) received a contribution of $20,000 from Baron de Hirsch to support its welfare services. The building purchased to serve as an immigrant shelter and welfare headquarters became known as the Baron de Hirsch Institute (BHI). With an indication of further assistance from the Jewish Colonization Association, the BHI/HBS then began to explore the possibility of founding a new Jewish farm settlement in the West. In early 1892, there was a meeting with Prime Minister John Abbott in Ottawa followed by an exchange of letters to the government. In a fourteen-point memorandum, W.H. Baker, clerk of the Baron de Hirsch Institute, asked for the conditions under which a Jewish settlement might be established in the West. The government's position was clearly set out in a ten-page response from H.B. Small, secretary of the Department of Agriculture. There was no objection to a new Jewish settlement, but a request for contiguous land for "a whole and undivided colony" was rejected as "undesirable in the interests of the settlers themselves." Nevertheless the Baron de Hirsch Institute, with financial support from the Jewish Colonization Association, did succeed in starting a new Jewish settlement not far from Oxbow, Saskatchewan. It was called Hirsch after the great benefactor. The Jews were granted an area of land where they could file for alternate quarter sections under The Homestead Act among non-Jewish neighbours.

In 1900, the Jewish Colonization Association learned that "masses" of Jews in Romania were living in "the most frightful destitution ... due to the most refined

persecution." Conditions for the Jews had become so intolerable that in the spring of that year more than 25,000 set out across Europe to Hamburg on foot. They became known as the *foosegayer* – literally "foot walkers," and signalled the wholesale exodus of Jews to the United States; some also sought entry to Canada.

The JCA, however, was not a charitable institution in the ordinary sense. It could not disburse aid money freely – its mandate was to sponsor projects to help Jews become established in constructive pursuits. Thus it was that, as thousands of Romanian Jews were fleeing persecution in 1900, the JCA began its appeal to Ottawa, via London, for land to establish a new colony of Romanian Jews in the West.

In the spring of 1901, Laurier refused this request on the recommendation of his immigration minister, Sir Clifford Sifton. (Sifton had earlier told his immigration agent in Europe that he "objected to Romanian Jews as immigrants.") By the time Laurier's response reached London, however, sixty-five Romanian emigrant families were on the high seas en route to Canada. They were not turned back, and eventually they started a new Jewish colony in Lipton, Saskatchewan. But Sifton's report, in which he questioned the Jews' suitability as farmers, was influential, and did limit the size of the settlement.

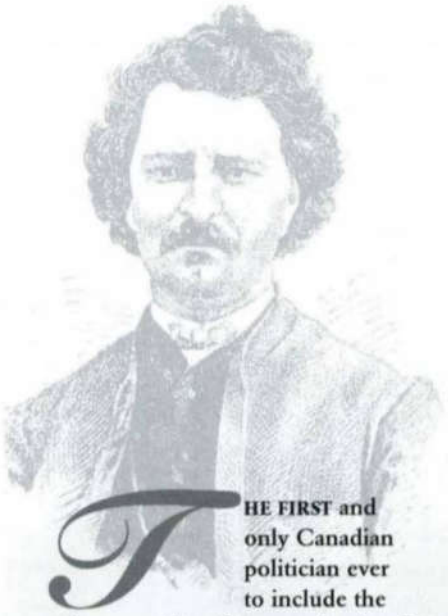
This attitude was nothing new. When Canada opened its doors to immigrants in the late nineteenth century, the Jews were not included on the list of peoples invited to settle in this country. This was confirmed by W.D. Scott, a former immigration agent turned historian, when in 1913, he wrote on "Immigration by Races" in the Adam Shortt / Arthur Doughty series Canada and Its Provinces. Scott candidly discussed all immigrant groups, categorizing them as either "desirable" or "undesirable." Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, Galicians, Italians, and Jews were in the undesirable category. Of the Jews he said, "No effort has every been made by the Government of Canada to induce Jewish immigrants to come to the Dominion and the influx [of Jews] has been entirely unsolicited." Scott was undoubtedly writing from his experience, beginning in 1891, as an immigration agent.

In the late 1890s, the government was still following the policy, adopted soon after Confederation, to encourage only farmers and domestics as immigrants, to discourage and prevent the entry of indigents and undesirables, and to limit the settlement of immigrants in the cities. A negative attitude toward Jews arose from this policy, but there was no legal bar if they could pay the landing fees imposed by order-in-council.

But this attitude was again demonstrated in the summer of 1900, when about 2,000 Romanian refugees arrived in Canada, some of them having been turned away from U.S. ports. In July, Jews aboard two ships in the Montreal harbour, the S.S. *Montfort* and S.S. *Lake Champlain*, were not permitted to disembark. On leaving Europe they had been told they needed $5 to $10 each to qualify for landing as nonpaupers. While they were in transit, however, the Canadian government changed the landing money requirement to $25 per person. In addition, the government suddenly announced a ban on sending any more people to the West.

The problem of the Romanian Jews was reported regularly in both the Jewish and mainstream press. The issue came up in Parliament when a Toronto M.P., citing a report on poverty-stricken Jews coming to Canada, asked if Canadian agents in Europe were "catering for that class of people." Sir Wilfrid Laurier responded that it was not the policy of the government "to bring out paupers," but there was no restriction against "able-bodied men who were able and willing to work."

On July 22, David Ansell, president of the BHI/HBS, advised the society's board of a telegram from James Smart, deputy minister of the Interior, complaining about the arrival of "undesirable Romanian Jewish immigrants" and



THE FIRST and only Canadian politician ever to include the Jews on a list of prospective immigrants was Louis Riel but this only came to public light long *after* Riel was executed. In the diary that he kept during 1884–85, Riel expressed his views on race relations and on immigration. Proposing to invite people from nine European groups, including the Jews, to settle in Canada, Riel said, "I put aside opinions and disputes about the personal worth of the different races of men." He called on the Jews to establish a "New Judea on the shores of the Pacific." Riel wanted Manitoba reserved for "pure French-Canadian Métis"; he offered the "Irish, Italians, Bavarians, and Poles [land] ... east of the Rocky Mountains" and the "Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Belgians, and Hebrews [land] ... west of the Rocky Mountains."

warning that if Jewish immigration continued, the government would have to "take steps to prevent it." Some board members wanted to send a delegation to call on the minister, but Ansell offered instead to write to Prime Minister Laurier and "endeavour to see him," to discuss the issue of the Romanian immigrants still detained on board the *Lake Champlain*. When the prime minister had not replied to Ansell's request for an appointment by early August, the BHI/HBS board held a special meeting August 5. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved to advise the immigration department that the BHI/HBS was prepared "to take charge of the Romanian Jewish immigrant passengers on board the steamer *Lake Champlain,* so that they shall be no charge on the country." This resolution was sent to Clifford Sifton, minister of the Interior, and to John Hoolahan, the government's local immigration agent. On August 9, David Ansell again wrote to Laurier explaining that the organization's purpose was

to prepare for the acceptance in the country of 600 to 700 Jewish immigrants and you will have read from our papers of yesterday and today the dismal state they are placed in by our Government inducing them to emigrate and on landing ... being told that the laws of the land forbid that they should go inland without having $25.00 per capita. ... These unfortunates have been misled by the agents of the Government and I think in the cause of humanity that they should not be turned away from our shores.

Ansell appealed to Laurier's "sense of fairness ... to devise some means of rectifying the unjust action of your Government." He also wrote to the Jewish Colonization Association in Paris with a copy of his letter to the prime minister advising that the increased landing charge was "practically aimed at the Romanian Jews who were mostly in a destitute condition." On August 12, Ansell reported receiving a reply from Laurier, but its contents were not recorded. By September 18, the problem of the Romanian immigrants was resolved, but there is no word on how this came about. Between July 16 and late October, a total of 2,019 Romanian Jews arrived in Canada. Of these, 509 were sent to the U.S., 783 remained in Quebec (mostly in Montreal), and 139 went to Toronto. The remainder went to seventeen other centres in Canada, including Cape Breton (47), Winnipeg (79), Brandon (2), and Oxbow (10).

At the annual meeting of BHI/HBS on October 28, 1900, the board delivered a report which detailed the difficulties of the Romanian immigrants. It cited the order-in-council, passed in July of that year, "prohibiting the embarkation of undesirable immigrants," and noted its subsequent reversal after the board provided certain guarantees. It was also reported that

the Government were reimbursed the sum paid for food to the first arrivals in Winnipeg before the prohibition was placed on that town by the Department of the Interior. Your Board at the same time reminded the Government that the Hebrew immigrants to Canada had never ... been an expense to the Government or a burden upon the country.

The funds for this extraordinary outlay by the BHI/HBS came from the JCA office in Paris.

On November 7, 1900, there was a general election marking the end of Laurier's first term in office. In spite of the difficulties with the government over the Romanian immigrants, on November 2, *The Jewish Times* wholeheartedly commended Laurier and the Liberal party to its readers as worthy of reelection. A special election supplement in Yiddish was included with this edition, along with a photo portrait of Laurier "worthy of framing and preserving." *The Jewish Times* also disclosed in an editorial comment that there had been a meeting of Jewish electors,

which should never have been held because it is unwise for Jews to segregate themselves in this manner ... (where) an attempt was made to bring discredit on the government for its action in relation to the Jewish immigrants from Romania. ... The speakers ... spoke as if hundreds of these people still languished on shipboard.

The Jewish Times called the critics' comments "a brazen perversion of truth" and a "gross calumny of the government, which proved its liberality and kindness to the Jewish refugees by permitting them all to land." The writer of the article further elaborated on this "liberality," by quoting the expressed views of Laurier in calling for "justice, liberty, and equality to every man, woman, and child," and stating, "Canada has room for one great united people; it has no room for jealous divisions and racial hatreds."

The article does not disclose who called the meeting, nor what transpired there. But it was obvious that the "uptown" Jewish leadership had its critics, probably drawn from the "downtown" newcomers. Clearly, some Jews were not prepared to overlook the way in which the government had treated the immigrants from Romania.

In 1900 Herman Landau was also trying to assist the exodus of Jews from Romania to Canada. That summer the BHI/HBS board was advised of a cable received by the Elder Dempster Steamship Company "from a Mr. Landau in London, informing that 200 Romanian youths were coming over by S.S. *Lake Ontario,* and placing at the disposal of the company the sum of $1,000 to obtain them employment."

The BHI/HBS was asked to cooperate in receiving this group. It was decided, however, that the Society "had as much as they could possibly do with the immigrants coming direct from the Jewish Colonization Association." Therefore they could not do anything for these 200 people. The board also said it "had no cognisance [*sic*] of Mr. Landau." If he had wanted their help, it said, he should have communicated directly with them. In practical terms this decision was a rejection of Mr. Landau, rather than of the immigrants on the S.S. *Lake Ontario,* since there is at least one reference to people from that ship being assisted.

By 1905, it appears that Landau *did* become known to the leaders of the BHI/HBS. The organization's 42nd annual report refers to the "Jewish Sheltering Home," established in London by "the eminent philanthropist, Herman Landau," being taxed to its utmost capacity, due to a new, large influx of Russian immigrants, brought about primarily by the effect of the Russian-Japanese War. Several hundred of the people in the Sheltering Home were sent to Canada at that time.

The 1905 report also stated that the BHI/HBS board "has communicated with the philanthropist, Mr. Landau, and assured him of its willingness to cooperate with him when necessary in his acts of benevolence." Having thus been recognized in the fall of 1905 for his philanthropy, it is not surprising that the news of his lecture in London a few months later caused a stir among Jews in Canada.

The Laurier "promise" was also seized upon because the debate on the Lord's Day Act (which would ban work on Sunday) was then getting into high gear. That act would compel observant Jews to limit their work week to five days, with Sunday a legislated holiday and Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, a religious one. (Its enactment eventually contributed to the weakening of Jewish Sabbath observance in Canada.) The government had sponsored the bill, but Laurier himself showed support for a compromise approach that would take into account the views of seventh-day minorities. Thus Landau's disclosure of Laurier's 1897 "offer" of a territory where Saturday might be observed in place of Sunday gave hope to those who sought a Lord's Day Act exemption for observant Jews, as well as to those who fostered the idea of Jewish cultural autonomy. Moreover in late 1905, Laurier had appeared at a Zionist rally in Ottawa called to protest the 1903 and 1905 pogroms in Kishinev (capital of Russian Moldavia). "We cannot bring all the Jews of that country to Canada," Laurier said, "but we can extend a hearty welcome to those who choose to come." Landau's reported address, coming soon after Laurier's remarks in Ottawa, revived hope for a new Jewish farm settlement in the West. In May 1907, the *London Jewish Chronicle* interviewed the prime minister in Ottawa on this question. Laurier stated that the Canadian government had been approached with a plan to form a colony (probably by the Baron de Hirsch Institute), "but we refused to entertain it." And, he added, "We have granted privileges of this description before but they did not work satisfactorily and will consequently not be repeated in the future."

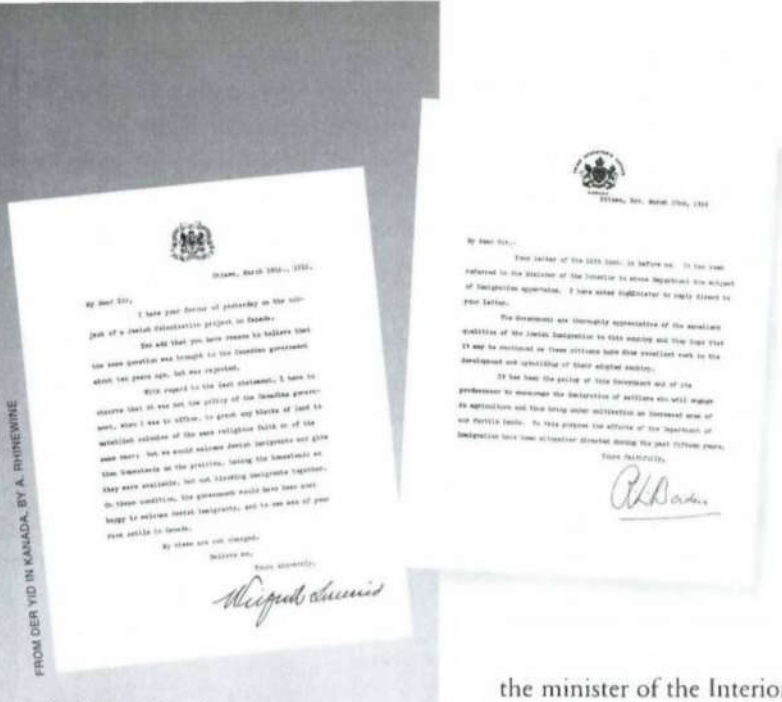
Asked whether he might look more favourably on a series of small colonies rather than one large one, he responded: "No, we (are) not prepared to sanction such colonies. To allow Jews to form ... a separate organization is impossible. We would not allow that to Jews or to any other body."

Despite this reply, Laurier was asked specifically about his objections to "local autonomy" for a Jewish settlement, as proposed by the Jewish Territorial Organization (The JTO, at that time, dissenting from the World Zionist Congress decision to seek Jewish colonization only in Palestine, sought a territory for autonomous Jewish settlement wherever it might be practicable). The P.M. responded: "I suppose there would be Gentiles as well as Jews in such a colony. ... and all would take the usual chances of election." Laurier said that Jews were welcome as individuals, "but I must tell you," he added, "that we encourage no immigrants except ... agriculturists, farm labourers and domestic servants."

There could hardly have been a clearer disavowal of the possibility of Jewish cultural autonomy than that given in this interview. Nevertheless, a number of Jewish leaders held on to the notion that such a vision could be realized in Canada. Later that summer, Israel Zangwill, the Anglo-Jewish author who was president of the Jewish Territorial Organization, sent a special emissary to Ottawa to attempt to negotiate an autonomous Jewish district. His efforts ended in failure, of course. Despite evidence to the contrary, B.G. Sack, the best-known Canadian Jewish historian in the first half of the twentieth century, in 1941 published his essay, "A Historical Opportunity Forfeited," based on the press report of Landau's 1906 lecture. And most writers of Canadian Jewish history, until recently, upheld Sack's version. Two exceptions were Abraham Rhine-

Jewish settlers at Wapella, Saskatchewan, c. 1900.

MANITOBA ARCHIVES / JEWISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WESTERN CANADA



FROM DER YID IN KANADA, BY A. RHINEWINE

In 1916, both Laurier and Borden responded to requests from Abraham Rhinewine, a supporter of the Jewish territorialist movement. Laurier reaffirmed his stance on the question of Jewish immigration.

wine and Simon Belkin. In 1916 Rhinewine, a supporter of the Jewish territorialist movement, wrote to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then leader of the Opposition, and to Sir Robert Borden, who had become prime minister in 1911, asking them about the possibility of obtaining a district for Jewish settlement after the war, noting the earlier rejection a decade earlier. In his book *Der Yid in Kanada* (1926, Yiddish untranslated), Rhinewine recounts that Laurier replied:

It was not the policy of the Canadian Government, when I was in office, to grant any blocks of land to establish colonies of the same religious faith or of the same race; but we would welcome Jewish immigrants and give them homesteads on the prairies ... as they were available.

Prime Minister Borden referred the question to the minister of the Interior from whom there is no indication of a reply.

Simon Belkin, in *Through Narrow Gates* (1966), repeats all the claims made by Landau in his 1906 lecture but points out certain discrepancies. It was Belkin who disclosed that when Baron de Hirsch's representative inquired about the possibility of a new settlement in Canada in 1889, he wrote to F.C. Mocatta, a vice-president of the Anglo-Jewish Association – not to Landau. Belkin also presents Rhinewine's account of his 1916 exchange with Laurier.

The press report of Landau's lecture, still the only source for his claims about Laurier and de Hirsch, states that Landau "discussed" with Laurier "the question of Jewish colonization." How and where the discussion took place is not disclosed. Perhaps it was no more than a casual encounter and the exchange of a few words that Landau embellished in his lecture almost a decade later. As to Landau's motives: he was genuinely dedicated to the cause of aiding persecuted Russian Jews. He knew about de Hirsch and the Jewish Colonization Association, even if he didn't make it into the leadership of that organization. He was also probably aware of strains that had developed in the political Zionist movement after the 1904 death of its founder, Theodor Herzl, and the subsequent founding of the Jewish Territorial Organization in 1905. Surely it was no more than overzealousness that caused him to embellish his talk. Hopefully Laurier's alleged promise to Herman Landau to grant the Jews an autonomous territory in Manitoba will now be seen as one promise this revered Canadian political leader never made. ◆

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Abraham Arnold has researched and written about Jewish Canadian history for many years. Coauthor with William Kurelek of Jewish Life in Canada *(1976), he is a past president of the Canadian Jewish Historical Society and current vice-president of the Jewish Historical Society of Western Canada.*

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IMMIGRANTS WELCOME
IMMIGRANTS WELCOME

by John Tylor Lyon

"A Picturesque Lot": THE GYPSIES IN PETERBOROUGH

When sixty Gypsies set up camp on an extension of George Street in Peterborough, Ontario, in the early summer of 1909, they caused a sensation. Each evening, the *Evening Examiner* reported, "literally thousands of people" visited the encampment, some arriving in carriages, others in automobiles, the rest on foot, to stand and watch while the Gypsy women went about the ordinary business of preparing supper. Some of the women were not amused being gawked at and threw water and boiled rice at the spectators, but Rosie, styled by the Peterborough newspaper as "the Gypsie Queen" and reportedly all of fourteen years old (and very self-possessed), ordered the offenders to stop, and they did.

The Peterborough townspeople, including photographer Frederick Lewis Roy, whose pictures accompany this article, studied the women whose flowing, brightly coloured garments and abundance of jewellery they deemed fantastic; they noted the children, "practically naked" and permitted to smoke cigarettes; they commented on the food – "a funny smelling stew" that "would hardly commend itself to the average person." Finally, as night fell, a local police constable arrived to drive back the crowds to allow the Gypsies to sleep in peace. The Gypsy women had no male companions to help them in the task of securing their protection because, unfortunately, all the men, including their chief, Stephen George, were in Peterborough county jail charged with the offence of loitering on the roadside and obstructing passengers in a public highway and the offence of allow-

A CARAVAN *of fifteen wagons moved down the main street of Peterborough to an encampment at the edge of town, causing "a sensation as it passed." Townspeople would later flock to the site in such numbers that the Gypsy women found it almost impossible to prepare their supper.*

ing vehicles to stand on the road in the township of Smith for a period of more than three hours.

It was an old tune to the Gypsies, a stateless minority of some twelve million people known today as the Roma. Throughout their thousand-year diaspora, as they moved ever westward from their roots in India, to western Europe in the fourteenth and fifteen centuries, to the Americas in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the Roma have been considered either exotic or dangerous, creations of a romantic imagination or convenient scapegoats, admired or reviled; in most cases, wholly "other" – strangers in whatever land they happen to dwell. In its most virulent forms, persecution of the Romany people had led to enslavement by the princes of medieval Romania, decreed hangings of all Gypsies over age eighteen in King Frederick William's Prussia and mass death in the Nazi concentration camps. Lately, in post-Communist eastern Europe, Roma have undergone renewed attacks and evictions, oppression that has been not without consequence to Canada. Late in the summer of 1997, about 1,000 Roma from the Czech Republic tried to emigrate to Canada after a film on Czech television depicted Canada as a haven. Two months after the film's showing, Canada reimposed visa requirements for Czechs, effectively reducing Roma refugee claimants to a trickle.

Mercifully, the reaction of the Peterborough townspeople in 1909 to the strangers in their midst was comparatively temperate. But, as newspaper accounts of the day indicate, the reaction nonetheless honed to the stereotypes that have been the Roma's constant companions for a millennium – attraction, wonder, criticism, and distrust. Canada may be a multicultural society today, particularly in its larger cities, but in 1909 Canadians were more provincial than cosmopolitan, more openly biased than politically correct, and each social grouping more protective of its niche in society. Outsiders, whether geographical, religious, or cultural, were openly declared so, their alien status often supported by policy and enforced by law. The Peterborough of 1909 was a town of fewer than 20,000 citizens, most of them of English, Irish, and Scottish descent living at a time before the advent of cinema, radio, and television. The arrival of the Gypsies must have been the most exotic event of the decade for people who had to depend on their own resources for entertainment.

Recently I asked a 102-year-old friend of mine if he remembered the Gypsies. "Oh yes!" he replied. "Everyone was afraid of them, but they wouldn't hurt anyone. I went up to the jail and talked to them."

Peterborough jail was home to the Romany men for more than a week. Frequently referred to in newspaper copy as Mexicans because they were believed to have originated in Mexico, the Roma had been under the keen eye of various regional authorities for some time as they travelled eastward through southern Ontario. "The Mexicans have terrorized the countryside," the *Evening Examiner* declared in its Tuesday, June 22, 1909 issue under the headline, "Gypsy Captives Are A Picturesque Lot": "all along the line they have caused trouble and annoyance, and the authorities have done well to round them up instead of merely driving them on to other fields of prey."

With their men in jail, the Romany women and children were detained in the jail's courtyard. But after a couple of days, after the men did not plead to the charges at their first court appearance and were remanded in custody until the following week, the civic leaders decided to let the women and children leave and look after themselves, as the cost of feeding sixty people, thirty horses, and assorted dogs, as well

THE COURTYARD OF THE PETERBOROUGH JAIL *The Roma had barely arrived in Peterborough in 1909 when the men were jailed. The woman and children waited in the jail yard until the authorities, noting the cost of feeding such a large party of people, sent them off to the end of town to look after themselves. It would be more than a week before the men's release. Though they were fined $125 dollars and ordered to leave Peterborough immediately, the magistrate relented and granted the Roma a three-day reprieve to hold a wedding.*

as hiring special constables, was thought too great a burden on taxpayers. The leaders also contacted Ottawa to ascertain if the Gypsies could be deported to Mexico, but they were told the Gypsies were naturalized Canadians and deportation was impossible.

As the caravan of fifteen wagons, women, and children moved down one of the main streets to a vacant lot at the edge of town, it caused "a sensation as it passed," according to the newspaper. A circus ground was the allusion chosen by the reporter to describe the encampment the Gypsies made on the town's outskirts. It was here the people of Peterborough gathered in great numbers – like a circus crowd – to observe the social behaviour of their itinerant guests. Anything that appeared to veer from the norms of life as lived by the average Peterborough citizen caught the eyes of reporters and was diligently recorded, whether the subject was braided hair, necklaces of coins, children and dogs sleeping together, or women smoking pipes. One woman, Mrs. MacFarlane Wilson, writing in the Toronto *Globe*, described the men as "disreputable looking" but the women as "beautiful, of a rich ruddy brown complexion, black hair, dazzling white teeth, and those mournful stag-like black eyes which seem to denote past tragedies." She continued:

There were no Madonna-like faces, no curves or dimples, but features clearly carven like cameos, and, as Romany blood is gentle blood, their hands and feet were slim and small.

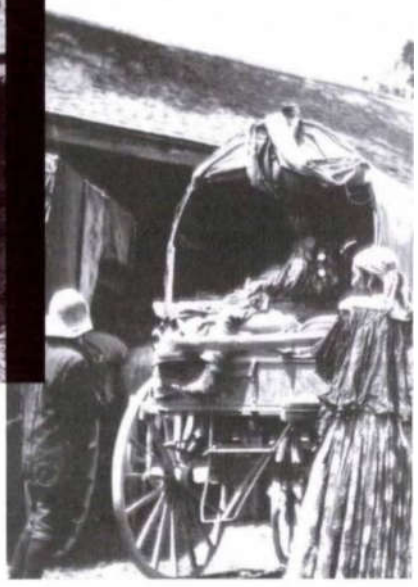
She was describing a wedding party. After a week of incarceration, the men were brought to a packed courtroom of spectators. The magistrate seemed to embody the contradictory response of Peterborough to the Gypsies: he found several of the men guilty as charged but thought further imprisonment ineffective. He released the prisoners on payment of a $125 fine (a considerable sum in 1909) and a promise to leave Peterborough at once. But he expressed sympathy for the Gypsies ("They had not had proper bringing up ...") and granted them a three-day reprieve so that the queen, Rosie, Stephen George's daughter, could be married to a man named Stoke, described as "an extensive land-owner in the far west."

Mrs. Wilson was captivated by the life and colour of the wedding, the climax of nine days of novelty for Peterborough, the scarlet dresses worn by the women, the bride's light chintz-like silk with yards of pink muslin, the flowers in her hair floating down her back, the free spending on food, the kegs of ale, "and even telegraphing." She added:

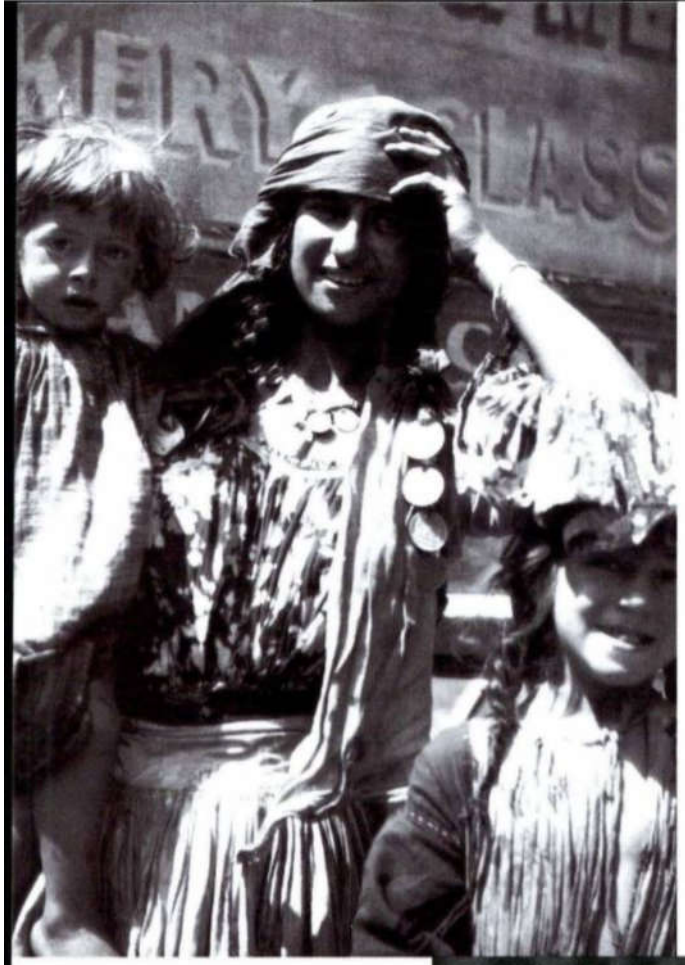
As to put a finishing touch to so Eastern a picture, a beautiful girl, gold bedecked and scarlet clad, rose up and in a graceful, languorous manner began to dance, chanting the while and moving her arms in time with the music.

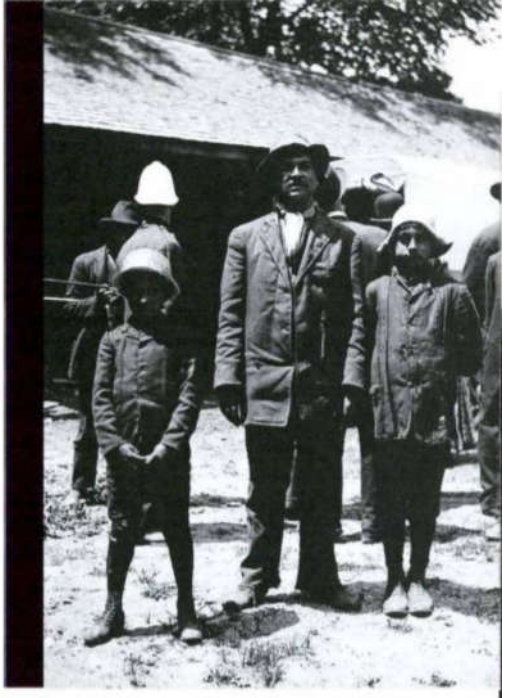
If some of the Peterborough region's farmers and shopkeepers had felt aggrieved by the presence of the Gypsies, if civic officials were quick to prosecute, their feelings were not universally shared, even in establishment quarters. None other than the band from the local 57th Regiment played the dance music for the wedding.

The next day, the *Evening Examiner* reported, the Gypsies "folded their tents like the Arabs" and were gone, bound for Ottawa. But interest in their movements did not abate immediately. The Peterborough newspaper continued with a stream of stories as the town's former guests progressed by caravan through eastern Ontario. The Gyp-



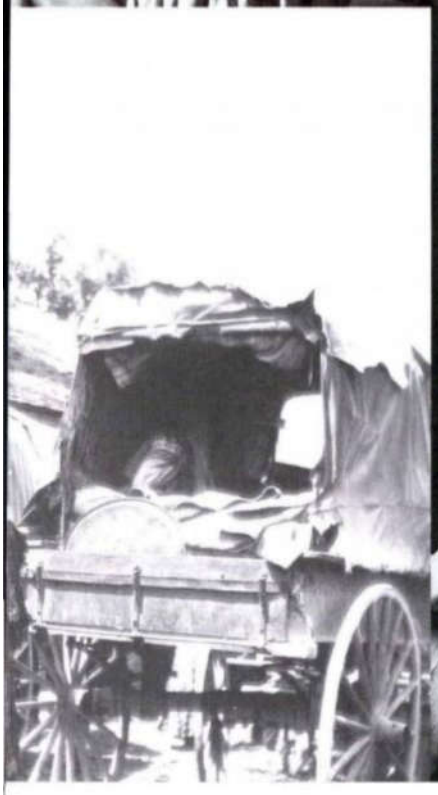
THE GYPSY CHILDREN *intrigued the people of Peterborough, who rushed to get a glimpse of the strangers in their midst. Though thoroughly clothed in these pictures, the children, reported the* Evening Examiner, *"were practically naked and are allowed to tumble around in the dust as much as they please." Girls and boys three or four years old were also reportedly smoking cigarettes, which was probably as disconcerting then as any child smoking would be today.*

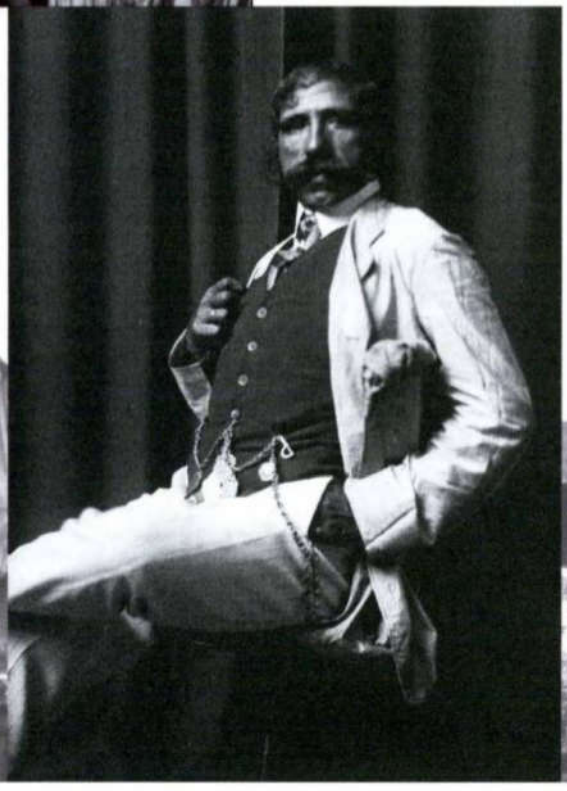


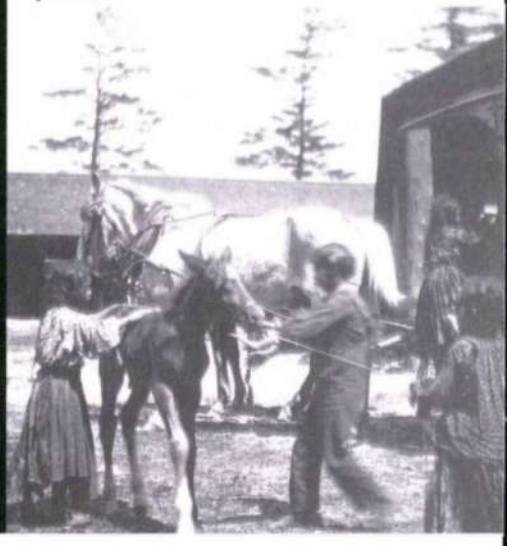


"THE WOMEN *present a fantastic appearance to say the least," wrote the Peterborough* Evening Examiner, *"attired in conventional gypsy garb, with flowing garments of all the colours of the rainbow and bright coloured shawls as a head dress. All wear their hair in braids and are decked out with necklaces of coins, some which appear to be valuable."*

STEPHEN GEORGE, *left, claimed to be chief of three tribes of approximately fifty people each. He was the father of Rosie, "the Gypsie Queen" (see cover), who was fourteen when photographer Frederick Lewis Roy first encountered her in 1909. Seventeen years later, on a return visit to Peterborough, she and her father willingly sat for these studio portraits.*







THE GYPSIES, OR ROMA, *as they are called today, travelled by horse-drawn wagon in 1909. Some of the wagons that stopped in Peterborough, reported the* Evening Examiner, *were "of the usual gypsy variety"—an observation less clear today than it might have been then. Other wagons had previous owners, as hand-lettered signs for bread and grocery companies make evident. But, tut-tutted the newspaper, "whether these [wagons] were stolen or not is, of course, hard to say."*

"The band of Mexican Gypsies arrested yesterday morning and brought to the County gaol had scarcely reached the yard when the enterprising photographer appeared on the scene with his camera."

The enterprising photographer described in the June 29, 1909 edition of Peterborough newspaper, the *Evening Examiner,* was twenty-eight-year-old Frederick Lewis Roy, owner of the Roy Studio, and a fellow with boundless energy and enthusiasm for the art and craft of photography. As the Gypsy women and children tarried in the jail yard, Roy took twenty-three photographs, having "to draw upon his diplomatic reserves" to coax his unwilling subjects into cooperation. Some of the pictures were published in the *Evening Examiner;* others were made into "postal cards," then part of the Roy Studio's trade. All the photos, along with a set of formal studio portraits shot when the Gypsies returned to Peterborough in 1923, were filed away in a growing collection begun in 1896 by F.L. Roy's father, Robert Maitland Roy, when the latter established the Roy Studio.

Today, the Roy Studio Archive contains an estimated 300,000 to 500,000 negatives, many of which are glass plate, some as large as fourteen by seventeen inches. In the estimation of Ian Wilson, Archivist of Ontario, the Roy Archive is one of the largest and most important historical photographic collections in Canada remaining in private hands. Co-owned by John Tylor Lyon and F.L. Roy's son, Robert John Roy, who continued his family's photographic tradition until his 1992 retirement, the Roy Studio Archive is a comprehensive pictorial record of the first half of the twentieth century, the period when the tireless Fred Roy (1881–1950) was most active.

F.L. seems to have been born to photograph. Although he derived most of his income from studio photography, he was rarely without a camera anywhere he went. Indeed, little failed to capture his imagination. Business, agriculture, home life, sport, architecture, politicians, celebrities, itinerant vaudevillians, soldiers on their way to war – all passed in front of his lens. The images range from the Gypsies to the coronation of King George VI (which F.L. attended in 1937) and document almost the full range of human activity in the Peterborough area and beyond. About the only subjects not to be found in the archive are abstract works and nude portraits.

Fred Roy never intended to create an archive; his was a working studio. But he filed his negatives with care, and the business never left family hands – circumstances that preserved the catalogue while other privately held photographic collections in Canada were lost to neglect or discarded entirely. The diversity of the images, the quality of the photography, and the attention paid to record-keeping make the Roy Studio Archive an exceptional collection. Today that collection is housed where it has always been, in the turn-of-the-century building on Hunter Street West that was the Roy Studio for nearly a century. But negatives of such historic value cannot remain forever in an unheated basement. Peterborough citizens, archival professionals and the archive's owners are currently working toward finding a solution that will preserve the Roy Studio's images for posterity.

sies were ordered to decamp from a hamlet about two or three days journey down the road by men armed with dogs and guns. They were accused of robbery in Ottawa. Attempts were made by authorities to drive them out of Hull, Quebec, where they were seen bathing near their encampment "in a half-naked condition." A kidnapping charge was levelled against two Gypsy men, then dismissed. The Ottawa Children's Aid Society was summoned when someone thought two of the children had skin too fair for Gypsies. (The children proved to be those of Stephen George.) Wherever they travelled, rumours and accusations accompanied them, and more often preceded them. It was the old tune. Played again and again.

"No One Is Sorry," the *Evening Examiner* declared in the subhead to its July 3 account when the Gypsies left Peterborough, but the content of the story somewhat belied this claim. "The authorities will not be sorry that the strange visitors have left," the paper stated, "although the public will miss an attraction that never seemed to lose interest for them." ◆

John Tylor Lyon is co-owner of the Roy Studio Archive and a graduate in photographic arts from the Ryerson Polytechnic University. This is his first article for The Beaver.

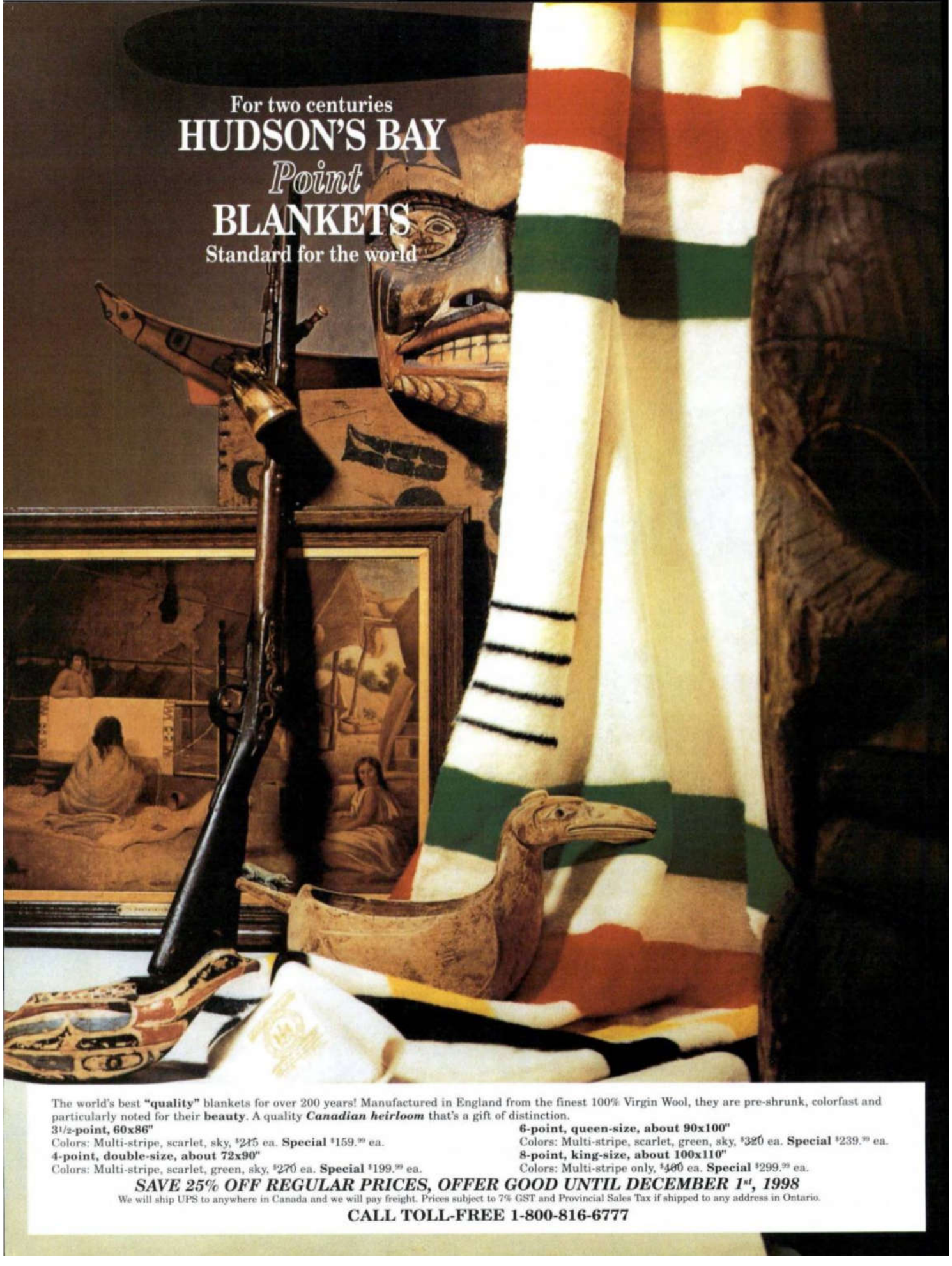
■ FIFTY YEARS AGO NOVEMBER 15, **William Lyon Mackenzie King stepped down as prime minister of Canada. Though he dominated Canadian politics during the tumultuous years of the Depression and the Second World War, this intensely private man remained little known and not much loved.** ■ IN THIS MEMOIR OF KING'S FINAL YEARS, **former parliamentary correspondent Douglas How recalls his own experience of the humour and frailty that lay behind the often uninspiring public mask of Canada's longest-serving prime minister.**

One Man's Mackenzie King

by Douglas How

When I went to university as a mature student in the early 1970s, I soon discovered that William Lyon Mackenzie King was a remote figure, largely forgotten just two decades after his death. I found this striking after what he'd done and been, and what I'd seen of him. In power for twenty-two years, King had been our longest-serving prime minister. He'd piloted Canada through half of the Great Depression and won widespread recognition for the way his government led the Second World War effort. He'd enacted measures such as the old-age pension, unemployment insurance, and family allowances that launched the welfare state. He'd made French–English relations – national unity – the core of his policies and successfully steered them through a wartime crisis over military conscription. A skilled conciliator, highly educated, he'd built a cabinet as able as Ottawa has ever known and been its unquestioned leader. When he retired fifty years ago, he handed over a country moving into unprecedented prosperity, proud of its war achievement and its enhanced status in the world. For nine years after 1948, the Liberal party he'd moulded would go on governing as though some divinity had shaped its ends. Yet the campus indifference I encountered in the early seventies was followed by years far worse for King's reputation. Revelations from his own remarkable diary led people to see him as a kook, a man who consulted spiritualist mediums, communed with the dead, worshipped his mother and his dog, and consorted with prostitutes in what he himself called "a very double life." So when historians rated King as Canada's greatest prime minister in *Maclean's* last year, many, including myself, were surprised. More, it triggered a flow of memories about the man I'd observed in the last three years of his rule.

In the summer of 1945, I found myself, a twenty-six-year-old reporter recently back from the war, talking with a man who'd become leader of the Liberal party the year I was born. To me, Mackenzie King seemed like the Member for Forever. We were in his Ottawa home, Laurier House (24 Sussex Drive was not the official home of the prime minister until 1950), and here was the famous illuminated picture of his worshipped mother. Here, too, was the voice I'd heard on radio since I was a kid, a sort of porridge of obfuscation, a verbal facade for a leader who could bend strong men to his will. I'd been a soldier and a war correspondent, and my boss, Andy Carnegie, Canadian Press bureau chief, had arranged my conversation with the prime minis-



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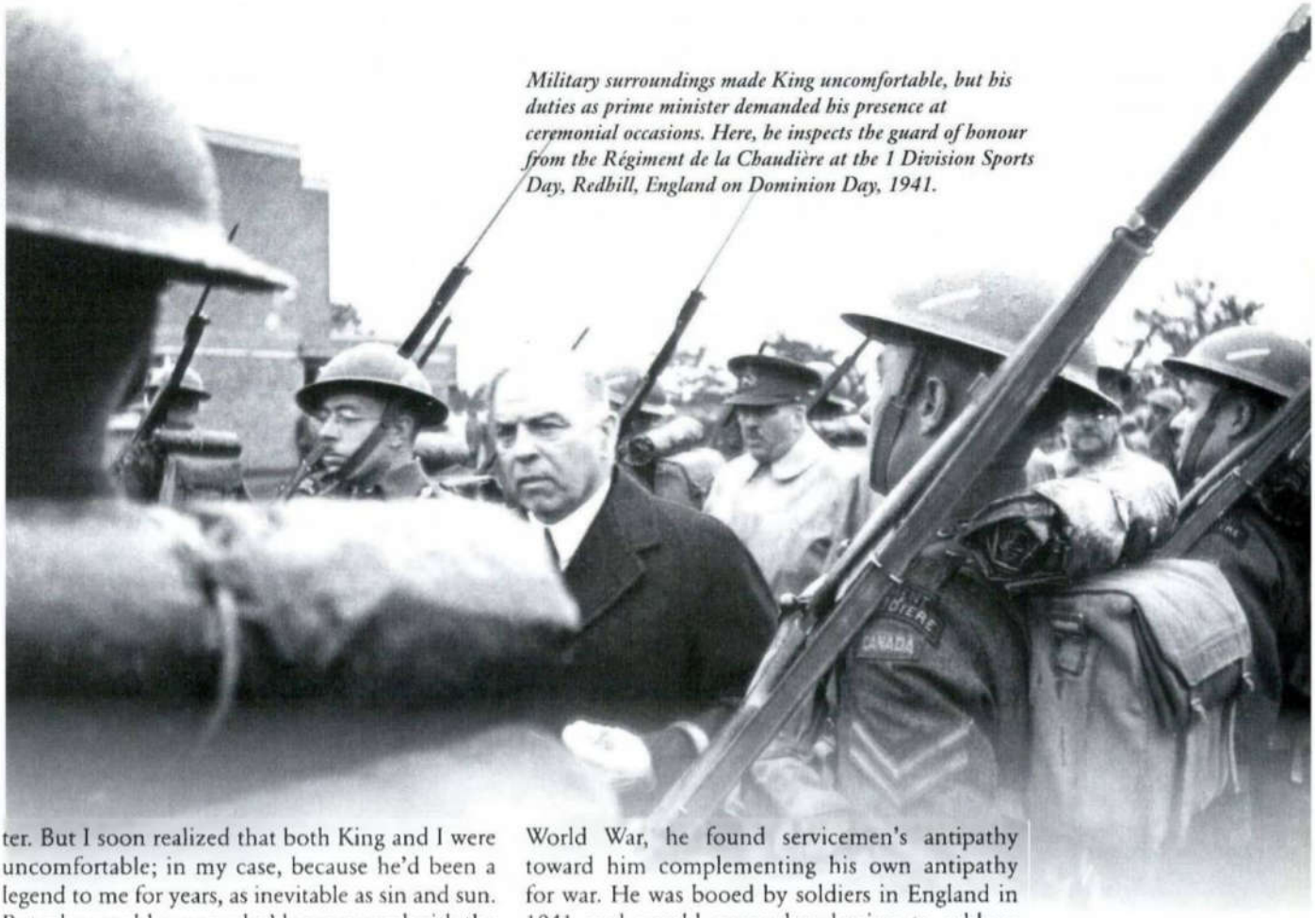


LAURIE A. AUDRAIN / NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-152440

Military surroundings made King uncomfortable, but his duties as prime minister demanded his presence at ceremonial occasions. Here, he inspects the guard of honour from the Régiment de la Chaudière at the 1 Division Sports Day, Redhill, England on Dominion Day, 1941.

ter. But I soon realized that both King and I were uncomfortable; in my case, because he'd been a legend to me for years, as inevitable as sin and sun. But why would a man who'd communed with the great, who was a master of sometimes merciless politics, feel as uncomfortable as I? What sticks in my memory from that conversation is not what he said, but what he chose not to say. He didn't ask, for example, about the Italian front. Nor did he boast about the way his government had run the war, was even then nailing down a generous veterans' charter. He gave me nothing memorable for a story. He seemed to me an unlikely politician, indeed an improbable human being, this mama's boy with steel in his soul.

He'd been an ardent fistfighter as a boy, but as an adult a military milieu made him uncomfortable: "I cannot talk their jargon of war," he wrote in his diary. "There is no use attempting it." In her 1997 biography of King's mother, *Mrs. King: The Life and Times of Isabel Mackenzie King,* Charlotte Gray traces his feeling to the turn-of-the-century Boer War. That conflict between Great Britain and Dutch-speaking republics of South Africa aroused in King "fury at the waste of lives and the authorities' indifference to soldiers' deaths," Gray writes, adding that it "influenced his approach to both world wars."

While 60,000 Canadians died overseas in the Great War of 1914–1918, King, then in his early forties, spent time as a labour consultant to America's wealthy Rockefellers. In the Second World War, he found servicemen's antipathy toward him complementing his own antipathy for war. He was booed by soldiers in England in 1941 and would remember having to address them as the equivalent of having "a dart pass through my bowels."

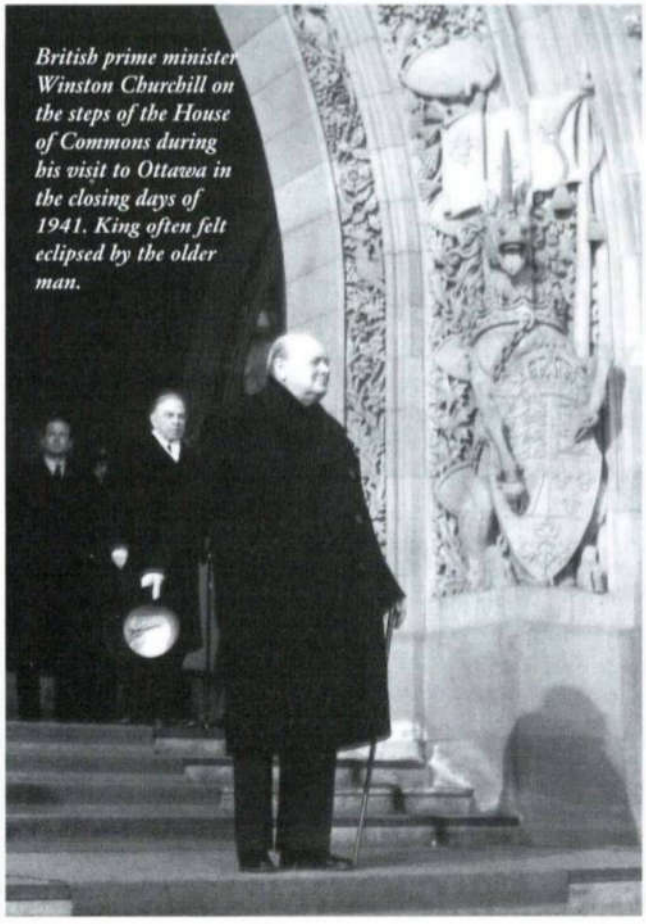
In my own later overseas experience, I found dislike of King so pronounced it was part of the infrastructure of troop morale, a thread binding everyone together. In the election of June 1945, which the Liberals narrowly won, the soldiers' vote was decisive in beating King personally in Prince Albert, where a sign was raised proclaiming, "This town liberated by the Canadian Army." He simply found a safe seat in Glengarry, Ontario, and went on governing. In his three decades in the Commons he sat for five different ridings as his personal electoral fortunes ebbed and flowed. Indeed, amid all the unhappy evidence of Canada's treatment of heroes, William Lyon Mackenzie King ranks high among those outstanding figures who never came close to being a hero at all.

Yet he fascinates me still. Though he could seem so damned dull, he was in fact a bundle of contradictions, passions, and obsessions. I remember the criticisms of him: that he pandered to Quebec, the province that did most to keep him in power; that he stole ideas from the Opposition; that he had no real answer to the Depression; that he could be ruthless, procrastinating, evasive, uncreative, uninspiring, and, in the end,

resistant to change. I remember the take-it-or-leave-it arrogance he and top ministers took into the Dominion-Provincial Conference of August 1945. But when I think back to being in the parliamentary press gallery for the three years before his 1948 resignation, what I think about most are not the machinations of a politician but the incidents that shed light on the private man. He was different. And, yes, he was odd. But he was successful.

He would die a rich man, but I once heard a Quebec Liberal M.P. do a hilarious imitation of King explaining that he regretted not entertaining his party followers more but he simply couldn't afford it. I heard about the ambitious wife of another Liberal M.P. who stayed behind at Laurier House after some function and told the prime minister he could have her if he promised to put her husband in the cabinet. King said this would necessitate a phone call to the governor general, and fled. Or so the story went. But such was King's record for hospitality that one frequent trick on Parliament Hill was to phone others with fake invitations to his home. I knew one journalist who did go and only later realized why he was the only one present for a Christmas sherry; in his case, he was a victim of a practical-joking fellow reporter. But, he told me, King couldn't have been more hospitable.

In his own way, King was a practical joker too, as no one knew better than James Sinclair, father of the controversial Margaret Trudeau, wife of a later prime minister. Sinclair was a Vancouver Liberal M.P., an ambitious former Rhodes Scholar, fervently interested in becoming a cabinet minister but thwarted by one act for which King never forgave him: Sinclair had come home from overseas duty with the RCAF and openly criticized King's wartime conscription policy, which had been primarily designed to avoid a repetition of the English-French conflict that divided the country in the First World War. (The policy itself would survive till battle casualties soared in 1944 and King adroitly, and successfully, accepted limited conscription for overseas service.) Still, Sinclair was so talented, the press eventually speculated that in an impending postwar shuffle King would appoint both him and Robert Winters, a wartime colonel, to his cabinet. Of the two, however, only one made it, and it wasn't Jimmy Sinclair. The morning after the announcement, Sinclair saw King coming towards him in an empty parliamentary corridor. As they passed shoulder to shoulder, heads down in silence and antipathy, he heard a lethal and familiar voice say, "Good morning, Colonel Winters." It was some time before Sinclair could chuckle telling this story.



British prime minister Winston Churchill on the steps of the House of Commons during his visit to Ottawa in the closing days of 1941. King often felt eclipsed by the older man.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-013238

Sinclair wasn't the only victim of King's mischief-making. Even Canada's World War II allies were on the receiving end when King became the only Allied leader known to have refused to declare war on Bulgaria. When a formal declaration arrived for his signature late in the war, he balked. In his opinion, Canada had enough enemies already – Germany, Japan, Italy, Finland; he was tired of declaring wars. Why, he asked, should we start another with a distant country with which Canadian forces would never come to grips militarily? Well, said someone, it was simply the thing to do; it was what Canada's allies were all doing. King wasn't convinced. So someone asked what would happen if an officially belligerent British warplane were shot down over Bulgaria with an officially *un*belligerent Canadian in the crew. Bah, said King, the Bulgarians would think he was an Englishman anyway. He handed back the document, unsigned. "File it," he said.

I first heard that story from the late Jack Pickersgill, King's special assistant, and in the 1950s a cabinet minister

under Louis St. Laurent. Pickersgill had a lot of King stories, some not entirely flattering. He'd say King tended to put problems off till they became crises, declaring the key to politics was not what you did but what you prevented happening. Indeed, I suspect family man Pickersgill didn't much like this bachelor boss indifferent to the home lives of his staff.

Arthur Beauchesne once told me he didn't like King either. But as clerk of the House of Commons and the reigning expert on parliamentary rules, he'd long watched King in action both as Opposition leader and prime minister, and came to admire his skills at both. King was an excellent parliamentarian, Beauchesne said. He knew how to run the rapids of the Commons' moods, how to get things wisely done or wisely delayed, and had a sixth sense about how far Canadians themselves could be pushed.

If Beauchesne admired King as a parliamentarian, Ned Bosse, executive assistant to every New Brunswick cabinet minister in Ottawa from 1935 to the Liberal defeat in 1957, was awed that political considerations were the constant pivot of King's life, even in a funeral parlor. One story, about Frank Bridges, an able cabinet minister from the mid-1940s, summed up Bosse's feelings. Bridges was both an experienced and natural politician; when someone asked him why audiences took to him he said he had a face like a horse's ass, and people felt sympathy for anyone so afflicted. Elected to the House of Commons from New Brunswick in 1945, he made a quick, strong impression on Ottawa, then died suddenly two years later. Shortly after, family members and intimates were sharing condolences in an Ottawa funeral parlor when the prime minister happened to drop by. Everyone was surprised, impressed, and then pleased, for King proceeded to extol his departed minister of fisheries in a spontaneous eulogy. The family, he said, could well be proud of what Frank Bridges had done for his country, his province, his party, and the departments he ran so well. Then, as suddenly as he came, King departed. A moment later he was in the foyer, beckoning the knowledgeable Bosse to his side. "Get working on a by-election for that seat," he whispered. "It's going to be a hard one to win."

And King had a sharp eye for the hard ones to win. It bothered him, for one thing, to be so overshadowed through the war by Britain's prime minister, Winston Churchill, but it was Churchill's government that was defeated in 1945 and King's that wasn't. Churchill took victory too much for granted. King took nothing for granted, made political soundings, swung left with family allowances after having some very real doubts, and survived, according to Pickersgill.

When party strategists recommended a family allowance, a monthly benefit paid to parents to assist them with the expense of raising children, King asked what it would cost and backed off when given an annual figure of around $400 million. That, he protested, was what it had cost to run the entire government just before the war! Family allowances were out, he declared, and key people in Ottawa feared a return to hard times lay ahead. Then Pickersgill recalled that he'd gotten where he was because his widowed mother had received a small war pension on which she'd raised two sons. A monthly family allowance cheque of between five and eight dollars, he argued, would open up for millions of people the same possibilities he'd had thanks to his mother's small pension. According to Pickersgill, his story helped change King's mind.

But of all the stories told about King, none matched those he told himself in that quite incredible diary he kept for years. For historians, it's a National Archives motherlode. As a writer, I have more than once dug into it to see what he thought about key events. What, for example, had he thought in September 1938 when Britain's prime minister Neville Chamberlain flew home from Munich saying he'd won "peace in our time" by arranging for part of Czechoslovakia to be given to Nazi Germany's rapacious Adolf Hitler? It was appeasement lowered to the level of degradation, but King, an ardent appeaser, was ecstatic. He wired Chamberlain that Canada rejoiced, and he was very largely right. That's in the diary, but so is a story far less known: In his ecstasy, King called the deputy minister of public works and said there had to be something to mark an event he was convinced had finally put to rest the divisive issues left by the peace treaty that ended the Great War and would ensure years of peace. What's more, he knew what it was. A new national war memorial was under construction in Ottawa and he wanted the crowning winged angelic figures put in place the very next day. It couldn't be done, said the deputy. He wanted it done, King replied, and done it was. He manipulated them into place himself. Among those who attended at King's invitation was the consul for Nazi Germany, the nation with which Canada would go to war one year later.

It was King's diary, too, that revealed the tendencies leading this woman-fascinated bachelor to live his "very double life." Here he recorded his passions, prejudices, hatreds, and veiled sexual proclivities, revealed his séances with mediums, and related his postponement of an important meeting so he could sing hymns to his dead "angel" dog. Yet what strikes me today is how little known these facts were while he was prime

In addition to his dog and his adored mother Isabel Grace Mackenzie King, daughter of reformer William Lyon Mackenzie, his estate in the Gatineau Hills – Kingsmere – was one of the enduring passions of Mackenzie King's life. Out of politics for the last two years of his life, he spent much of his time there.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-126955

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 124730

minister. In the 1970s, when King's diaries were made public, veteran journalist Richard Jackson appeared as a mystery guest on the CBC's *Front Page Challenge* and was assailed for the failure of the press gallery to tell the public about King's idiosyncrasies. Jackson said the reason was simple – he'd never heard the stories while King was alive. Neither had I, nor, so far as I know, had any other reporter except, to my knowledge, Blair Fraser of *Maclean's* magazine. It was he who broke the story soon after King died in 1950.

Fraser was one of a small number of reporters who, because of their talents and because of their political views, were considered closer than most journalists to key government insiders. Grant Dexter, Ottawa correspondent for the Liberal-oriented *Winnipeg Free Press,* once gave Clyde Blackburn of Canadian Press a story he said he couldn't write because his byline would embarrass a cabinet source. Charlie Bishop, Southam bureau chief, got a singular reward – King appointed him to the Senate. It was a first for the press gallery, and some other members began to fancy themselves as potential successors, only to have Charlie enjoy his role for some years, and die without any successor at all. Yet if King's inner circles had press favourites, King himself never courted the gallery as such. I can't remember him attending its boisterous parties or even holding press conferences. Even so, the gallery was steeped in King folklore. Members told of one reporter who hung around the big common newsroom on Parliament Hill at night to search wastepaper baskets for discarded copies of articles, then wrote his own versions. One article predicted King would leave shortly for an important wartime meeting with U.S. president Franklin Roosevelt. As it happened, the two leaders did meet to sign the historic 1940 Ogdensburg Agreement declaring Canada and the U.S. would stand together in the event of attack. Moreover, it was a scoop – to the chagrin of the reporters who'd deliberately planted a carbon of the fake story.

By 1948, the press gallery was speculating when King would step down, but he picked his own time and place for answering. At the annual press gallery dinner in May – a must for all party leaders with its audience of the political and bureaucratic elite – he reconfirmed something he had told a Liberal meeting four months earlier: that he was going to step down. Once again he didn't say when, but he did go on to surprise and captivate everyone. I've heard some highly enjoyable speeches at those lighthearted dinners. I recall particularly some droll, witty, and self-deprecating speeches by three governors general, Viscount Alexander of Tunis, Vincent Massey, and Georges Vanier. I also recall a night when one party leader was virtually booed back to his seat for partisan remarks. But King's speech was in a class by itself. He let slip the mask he had lived behind, hilariously describing the evolution of his cover-every-flank speaking style that produced the likes of "conscription if necessary but not necessarily conscription." At first the speech stunned the audience, then had it roaring with laughter and appreciation. If it had been recorded, it would have been a national treasure. Bruce Hutchison, then associate editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press,* called it a burlesque. But then, King's diary records, he went home and was lonely with thoughts of his family.

Next morning, however, CP's Andy Carnegie had a dilemma. The press gallery dinner had been off-the-record and reporters couldn't write a word about the prime minister's announcement of his impending retirement. So Carnegie called King and explained. Simple, said the prime minister, just say he'd told friends.

Not long afterwards, *Ottawa Citizen* veteran reporter (and Liberal) Alec Hume, aware that King was a creature of habit, accurately predicted when and where the leadership convention would be held. It was easy, Hume told me later. Knowing the prime minister's penchant for anniversaries, Hume correctly guessed King would choose the opening date (August 5) and site (Ottawa) of the 1919 convention that made him Liberal leader.

After the official announcement of retirement had been made, King declared it would not be fitting for him to express a preference for his successor. Then he helped make sure it would be External Affairs Minister Louis St. Laurent, and beamed when it happened.

Yet he still hung on as prime minister until November 15. And he wasn't beaming the night he said goodbye to a solemn and respectful Commons. He may have heard, or anticipated, what happened when he left – the House bubbled with levity, congratulations, and high spirits as it entered the St. Laurent era. But something told me this might be the only chance I'd ever have to see a legend pass into history, so I quickly left the gallery. No other reporter joined me as I followed King down one of those long, empty corridors. Only Senate leader Wishart Robertson walked with him. It was like having bathos defined before your eyes. Nearing seventy-four, King didn't *look* like a legend. He looked like a sad old man, the weight of power giving way to the weight of loneliness that would be with him until his death two years later.

The summer he died my family and I rented a cottage near his Kingsmere country estate with its famous ruins. I walked a lot and once met a man who said he'd seen King in a field, alone, on his knees, praying. By then, I dismissed no such story lightly. My strongest memory of his death, however, one that touches me still, is being on the train that took his body from Ottawa to Toronto for burial and seeing a man standing behind a farm fence near the tracks. He wore what looked like his church clothes, his cap was off, his head was bowed in respect; he was all alone.

Since those days, two incidents in particular have told me King can still stir varying opinions. The first occurred long after the war at a veterans' banquet I was invited to address. At the time, I'd just read sixteen books involving King in preparation for a magazine article I was writing, so I decided to talk about the Second World War as he saw it. Though he'd been unpopular during the war, King, I figured, would be interesting to these now more mature men, but I soon realized I was wrong. The audience sat in stony silence, broken by occasional barbed comments, especially from a man who'd booed King in 1941. I said less than I'd planned. I doubt, for instance, I even noted King wrote in his diary the day after being booed how moved he'd been "at the thought of all this young life being possibly destroyed." If I did say it, it didn't change the mood. When my ordeal was over one man told me I'd only made one mistake, which at first I took as a compliment for my perseverance. But what he meant was I should have sat down a lot sooner.

The second reaction came after *Maclean's* reported in its April 21, 1997 issue that historians had ranked King as our best prime minister. I was chatting in our village store with an intelligent and elderly woman and she said she agreed. Her words were wonderfully direct and revealing. "He seemed," she said, "to know what to do." And off she went with her groceries. ◆

Douglas How began his print career as a reporter in Moncton. A war correspondent in the Second World War, he was a parliamentary correspondent for eight years in the 1940s and 1950s and has served on the editorial staff of both Time *and* Readers' Digest. *He lives in Toronto and St. Andrews, New Brunswick.*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-031319

A. LAJOIE / MONTREAL STANDARD / NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-026621

Flanked by a picture of Sir Wilfred Laurier, in whose cabinet he first served in 1909, King addresses the national Liberal party convention in August, 1948 that would choose Louis St. Laurent as his successor. He left the national Liberal convention on August 7 elated at the party's choice. But when King left office three months later, he appeared to the author a lonely and sad figure.

Remembering Mona Parsons

by Andria Hill

In 1976, when a childless Nova Scotia widow died, her possessions were auctioned off and the memory of her life began to fade. Few people knew that this quiet woman was in fact a former member of the Dutch resistance, and one of only a few Canadian civilians to be interned in Nazi prison camps. Here, Andria Hill recounts Mona Parson's remarkable story – lest we forget.

In April 1945, Clarence Leonard, a soldier with Canadian forces liberating northeast Holland, was approached by an emaciated woman who identified herself as Canadian. He was entirely unprepared to hear she was from Wolfville – 100 kilometres from his home city of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Imprisoned by the Nazis since 1941, the woman had escaped in March and had walked from Germany to the small Dutch town of Vlagtwedde near the Dutch/German border.

Because her story was so unbelievable, the woman was taken to Canadian Army Rear Headquarters in Oldenburg, Germany, where she was to prove she was not a spy. There was little need for her to speak in her own defence, as she encountered several officers with the North Nova Scotia Highlanders whom she had known while a student at Acadia University. They readily vouched that the woman was the former Mona Parsons of Wolfville, married to Amsterdam businessman Willem Leonhardt, and daughter of retired Col. N.H. Parsons of Sunny Brae, Pictou County, Nova Scotia.

How a cultured woman known in the best Amsterdam social circles came to be a filthy, shoeless refugee suffering from septicemia and found on a road near Vlagtwedde was the question for which many wanted an answer.

Mona Louise Parsons was born in Middleton, Nova Scotia on February 17, 1901, the youngest of three children and the only daughter born to Colonel Norval and Mrs. Mary Parsons. (Colonel Parsons was to distinguish himself in the First World War as commanding officer of the 85th Battalion, mobilized out of Camp Aldershot, Nova Scotia in May 1916). When Mona was two, the family had moved to Wolfville – another small town in Nova Scotia's orchard-laden Annapolis Valley. Mona attended the Acadia Ladies' Seminary, dedicated to the "genteel, Christian education" of young ladies. She excelled in music, painting, and expression.

Mona aspired to be a serious dramatic actor, and after graduating in 1920, attended the renowned Currie School of Expression in Boston, taught drama for two years in Arkansas, then returned to Nova Scotia to attend Acadia University, where she pursued campus drama activities.

Growing restless, she decided to try her luck auditioning in New York, and found work as a chorus girl in a touring production of the Ziegfeld Follies. The role fell short of her desire for a serious dramatic career. When Mona's mother became ill in 1927, Mona tore up her contract and returned home to nurse her mother.

After her mother's death in 1930, Mona's ambitions changed. She returned to New York to study nursing and worked after graduation as a private nurse in the Park Avenue offices of a specialist originally from Nova Scotia. She established herself as an independent career woman in one of the world's most exciting, cosmopolitan cities.

In February 1937, Mona's brother introduced her to a business associate, Willem Leonhardt, a suave, sophisticated, and wealthy Amsterdam businessman touring the United States and Mexico. Willem and Mona intrigued one another. After a five-month courtship, they were married in the Netherlands. In 1938, they built a large, well-appointed house in Laren, near Amsterdam, and called it "Ingleside."

The Leonhardts' happiness was a bright spot in the shadow cast over Europe by Nazi Germany. Mona had planned to visit family in Canada during the summer of 1939 but, concerned that she might not be able to return to her home in the Netherlands, cashed in her ticket, despite Willem's objections. Their second wedding anniversary, September 1, 1939, coincided with the Nazi invasion of Poland. Two days later Britain declared war on Nazi Germany.

Willem was greatly concerned that Mona, a Canadian citizen and British subject, would suffer more than he would if Holland came under Nazi rule. But she steadfastly refused to leave,

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Mona Parsons, as she appeared in the 1920s.

and together they vowed to continue with their lives. When the Nazis occupied Holland in May 1940, however, the Leonhardts decided to take action.

In the early days of occupation, the Dutch people were numb and demoralized. As the initial shock wore off, people began to organize themselves to resist Nazism, whatever the consequences. Mona and Willem joined a small network of people helping downed Allied airmen to slip out of occupied Holland. The relative lack of formal organization was both a help and a hindrance. That, and the small number of people then involved, made resistance activities difficult to detect at first.

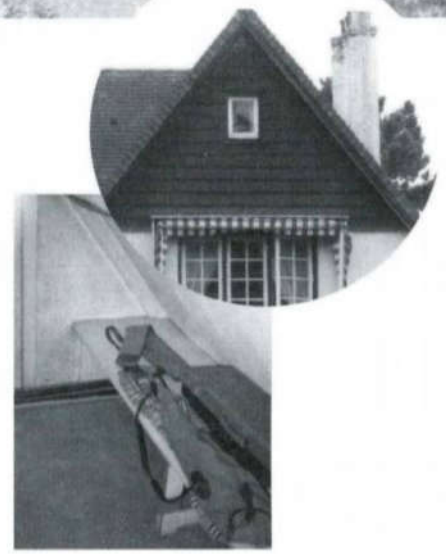
At this early stage, resistance activity was organized into various cells or groups. To limit risk, only a few people knew the names of all those involved in a single group. Mona and Willem were only members of one of these groups and as such took the risk that the people in charge were trustworthy. If they were not, the Leonhardts would pay with their liberty or their lives. Nonetheless, they offered Ingleside as a safe house in the network to smuggle Allied airmen out of Holland.

For a time, Mona and Willem's house remained one of the safest, located as it was about a half-hour drive from Amsterdam. With its long driveway, their home was very private, its extensive grounds surrounded by trees. The building itself was large, especially for two people, and the vacant servants' quarters in the attic made ideal accommodations for airmen in need of refuge.

By the summer of 1941, as the Nazis became more vigilant, smuggling airmen out of the country became increasingly difficult. The men often had to remain in one place for several days, where once only a few hours had been necessary. In September 1941, Mona and Willem were invited to dinner with friends, the Brouwers, in Amsterdam. They knew that the occasion was more than a social one. Dirk Brouwer, a prominent architect, had taken great pains to convince the Nazis that he was neutral, if not in fact a sympathizer. His ruse had helped many airmen safely exit the Netherlands. He had two British flyers whom he wanted to accommodate while safe passage was arranged.

The airmen accompanied the Leonhardts back to Ingleside to await word from their contact. Days passed and, after a week, they moved on. Despite the unusually long stay, things seemed to have gone smoothly. When several of the Leonhardt's associates were arrested a few days later, Mona and Willem were sure they had escaped detection. Returning from an appointment one day, however, Mona found that Germany's special security force, the SS, had made calls to the house.

Convinced that her acting skills would persuade the SS of her innocence and buy some time for her husband, Mona sent word to Willem not to return home. When the SS arrived just after 5 P.M., Mona played the part of the gracious hostess, offering drinks and cigars. But the men, tiring of the game after an hour, told



Ingleside, 1938 (top). This comfortable estate would soon become a safe house for Allied airmen being smuggled out of the Netherlands by the Dutch Resistance. Vacated servants' quarters in the attic (middle) secreted airmen, as did a cramped nook under the eaves behind a bedroom closet (bottom).

Mona she would have to accompany them to Amsterdam for further questioning. Little did Mona realize, as Ingleside's heavy wooden front door closed behind her, that she would not see her house again for nearly four years.

At Weteringschans Prison, Mona's captors employed various interrogation techniques, from bullying and threats, followed by an offer to return her to her beautiful home and fine clothes in exchange for information. When physical force and interrogation met with stony silence or an icy calm that bordered on contempt, the Nazis appeared to give up. They transferred her to Amstelveense Prison and virtually ignored her for the next month and a half. She smuggled out notes, asking about her cat, Wimpy (that being her pet name for her husband – the Leonhardts owned two dogs, but no cats). She soon received a message that although the cat had run away twice, he was safe. Content that her husband was still free, Mona waited.

Then, around 8 A.M. on December 22, Mona was taken from her cell to the Carlton Hotel on Vyzelstraat. There, in a ballroom that held many happy memories of her life with Willem, she was tried for the crime of helping Allied airmen evade capture. The young German soldier provided as her counsel spoke neither English nor Dutch, and Mona spoke no German. A second German was found who could speak a little Dutch, but before they had a chance to discuss the case, the trial began. Mona attempted to follow the proceedings, but she needed no German to understand the hatred emanating from the prosecuting attorney. Writing after the war, Mona described him as in his thirties, and that he

> typified the arrogant Nazi officer seen in Hollywood movies. He was a tall, repulsive man with cold, pale blue eyes, stringy colourless hair and heavy thick glasses. He could have had a monocle. He seemed so full of hate, I doubt if he was even pleased with himself. He appeared to have a grudge against the whole world and his immediate target was me. ... My answers and my determination not to display any emotion plainly infuriated him. When he became overly abusive, the judge called him down.

Mona, who had given up trying to follow the proceeding, was staring out the window when a phrase caught her attention – *todstrafe* – death sentence. From the time she had decided to become involved in the resistance, Mona knew that her activities might lead to this, and she was prepared:

> I knew all eyes were on me, expecting me to burst into tears. I was determined not to humble myself before any of them. As I left the courtroom, I put my heels together and bowed toward the judge, the prosecutor and my German counsel, who were standing together in a group. *Guten morgen, meine herren,* I said. My action took them by surprise. They stared at me with their mouths open. After they had stopped gaping, they returned my greeting. The judge followed me from the courtroom and approached with outstretched hand.

The judge congratulated her on her composure and advised that she might appeal her sentence. Rather than death, she might get only life imprisonment. She launched an appeal to General Franz Christiansen, the highest-ranking German general in Holland. He was a friend of some German friends of the Leonhardts, and Mona decided she had nothing to lose by mentioning this in her letter. She languished in a death-row cell at Amstelveense Prison for twenty-eight days before receiving the reply that Christiansen had granted her appeal.

In early January, she was taken from her cell and ushered to an office to await transport to Anrath Prison, near Krefeld in the German Rhineland. While Mona waited to be taken to the railway station, three male prisoners were brought into the office. Mona glanced at them – one looked familiar. As she looked more closely she was stunned to realize that the thin man by the window was Willem. He had dyed his hair and coloured his skin in an attempt to disguise himself, but had not evaded capture. She ran to her husband and, embracing him, had just enough time to exchange brief words before the guards wrenched them apart.

Up to this time, she had derived strength from the belief that Willem was still at liberty. Badly shaken, she became terrified that he would be executed or, worse, abused until he died. There was nothing to do now but hope and remain determined to survive. Mona described her years in Nazi prisons as "an ugly memory" of monotonous tasks, deprivation, and frequent sojourns in solitary confinement. But despite the efforts of the Nazis, masters of degradation and dehumanization, the political prisoners were often sources of inspiration to others in the camps – women who endured the brutality and harshness without breaking.

In September 1944, Mona was moved from Anrath to Wiedenbrück camp in which were housed more than 200 female prisoners of war of various nationalities. The women were put to work in a wood factory, making wings for aircraft. The work was as monotonous as the knitting and the construction of bomb igniters done at Anrath,

and, in women deprived of basic nutrition, the splinters caused many infections.

Mona was again moved in February 1945, this time to Vechta prison camp. Here she was put to work knitting socks, repairing uniforms, and peeling potatoes. The only reward in this work was the rare opportunity to sneak small pieces of raw potato into her mouth and smuggle pieces back to women in the cells. It was in Vechta that Mona made the acquaintance of a twenty-two-year-old Dutch baroness. Mona would later describe Wendeline van Boetzelaer as her "companion and guardian angel in a memorable flight for freedom."

Late on the night of March 23, troops under General Montgomery's command pushed across the Rhine near Wesel in "Operation Plunder." Further south, a similar assault had been launched by troops under the command of General Patton. Montgomery's attack was supported by waves of bombers, twenty-five divisions, 3,000 guns, and a quarter ton of ammunition. Vechta (also the location of an aerodrome from which were launched some of the night fighters that plagued Britain, a military hospital, and a transfer point for Nazi troop trains) was one of the Allied targets.

Early on the morning of March 24, Vechta prison camp inmates were awakened by the pounding of bombs dropped from Allied planes. The aerodrome was heavily damaged. The men's prison took a direct hit; all occupants were killed. The women's prison was thrown into confusion. Guards panicked and threw open the gates. Many women ran for freedom, but when the smoke and dust settled, only two remained at liberty: Mona Parsons and Wendeline van Boetzelaer – and they had every intention of remaining free. The baroness had escaped twice before and headed west for the Netherlands, but both times she had been apprehended. This time she decided to go north before heading west.

The two women had to devise a plan quickly. How could they make their way through Germany without being detected? Wendy spoke German fluently and knew the country's geography well. After years of being denied the right to speak English, Mona spoke German, but with a distinct Canadian accent. Too risky for her to attempt to pass herself off as a native. Wendy suggested that each should concentrate on her particular strength. Wendy would do all the talking, and Mona (twice Wendy's age) would draw upon her training as an actor and assume the role of Wendy's aunt: a mentally handicapped woman with a cleft palate. Had it not been for the fact that their lives were at stake, their "rehearsals" would have been comical. But as Mona wrote later,

> There was nothing funny about our situation. We were far behind the Nazi lines and at any moment might be recaptured. If that happened, our lives wouldn't be worth a plugged *pfennig*. Wendy said, "If they catch us this time, we'll be shot."

The two women were convincing in their aunt-and-niece disguises, and were able to find food and lodging on several occasions. But there were hair-raising moments too, such as the time they accidentally hailed an SS policeman while looking for a place to spend the night. He offered to take them to his home, and knowing that refusal would invite suspicion, they passed a harrowing night. Eventually they made their way to a small village near the Dutch/German border. Unfortunately, they had to separate when a single family could not be found to take in both women. Mona continued her ruse, but without Wendy to speak for her. And although she was within sight of Holland, she fought the temptation to bolt for home.

Mona found squalid lodgings with a German farm family, and in return helped with farm chores. Blisters on her feet were becoming infected, and she noticed that the child whose bed she had to share was also covered in sores. She was concerned, but there was little she could do.

The Allies were stepping up their attacks on German targets, and soon the occupants of the farmhouse were forced to take cover in the cellar. They remained in their dank refuge for three days, while a rearguard action was waged over their heads. Retreating German soldiers burned anything not destroyed in

The President
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
has directed me to express to
MONA LEONHARDT
the gratitude and appreciation of the American people for gallant service in assisting the escape of Allied soldiers from the enemy

This certificate is awarded to
Mrs. Leonhardt
as a token of gratitude for and appreciation of the help given to the Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen of the British Commonwealth of Nations, which enabled them to escape from, or evade capture by the enemy.

Mona Parsons Leonhardt received two citations for her service, one from Dwight D. Eisenhower, Commanding General, United States Forces European Theater, and one from RAF Air Chief Marshal Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force.

the fighting at the paranoid order of the Führer, who was convinced that if the Allies prevailed all Germans would suffer. During a lull in fighting, the farmer went above ground to see how the battle was progressing, only to be killed by an artillery shell. When at last the fighting subsided, Mona and the farmer's widow did not even have a chance to retrieve the farmer's body for burial before the Polish army came through and advised them to seek refuge in Holland.

Mona could hardly believe her ears – at last she was going back to Holland! She helped the farmer's widow load a wagon with what few possessions remained, then set out. Once over the border, she dropped her disguise and revealed her identity to a Dutch family who had taken her in. Her Dutch hostess joyfully told Mona of the role Canadians were playing in the liberation of Holland. The next day, outfitted with clothing and shoes given by the family, Mona set out for Laren. The devastated countryside stopped her in her tracks. For years she had imagined freedom and her return home, but she had not imagined the toll exacted on the Dutch countryside by the warring armies. Exhausted and ill, she stopped at a farmhouse near Vlagtwedde. When she told them she was a Canadian trying to return to her home in Laren, the owner's brother offered to take her to British troops nearby. There, Mona caught her first sight of Canadian battle dress, worn by Clarence Leonard of Halifax.

Mona Parsons Leonhardt, at five foot, eight inches tall, weighed eighty-seven pounds when she stumbled upon her compatriots. They provided food and medical attention. One young soldier gave her a precious gift of three Moirs chocolates sent from home in a care package. Then she was whisked away to Canadian Army Rear Headquarters in Oldenburg, Germany, where she encountered recently promoted Captain Robbins Elliott of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. Elliott, with Canadian Military Intelligence, was astounded to encounter a woman he knew – his father had been the physician who attended Mona's mother in her final illness in 1930 – so far away from home. Here was the woman whom his older sister, Shirley Elliott, still remembers in 1998 as a "gorgeous woman, always so well dressed and who *loved* to dance," abused but far from defeated. It was in Oldenburg that Mona met up with a childhood friend from Wolfville, Major-General Harry Foster.

By the end of May, Mona Parsons Leonhardt had made it back to her home, via the Canadian General Hospital in Nijmegen. About a month after her return to Laren, she was joined by her husband Willem, who had been liberated from a Nazi prison camp by Americans. (His physical health had severely deteriorated, and he remained a semi-invalid until his death in April 1956. Mona remained by his side, nursing him to the end.)

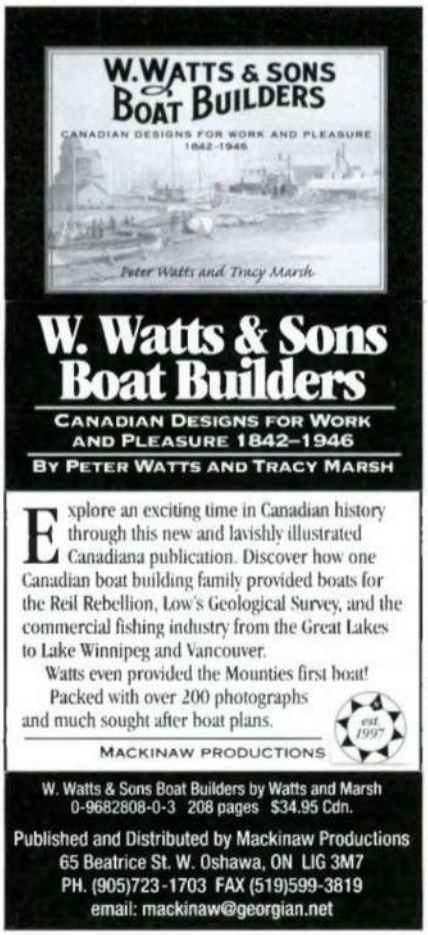
A few months later, Mona was presented with citations from General Eisenhower, commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, and from Air Chief Marshall Tedder of the Royal Air Force, in gratitude for helping Allied airmen evade enemy capture.

In December 1957, Mona returned to Canada, taking up residence in Halifax. She again met Harry Foster, now widowed and retired from the military. The two married in 1959 and were together until cancer claimed Harry in 1964. Mona moved back to Wolfville, living in quiet retirement in the community where she had spent her youth. When she told young people stories of her life in German prison camps, they were inclined to think of her as a cultured, refined, but rather senile old dear. After all, what Canadian civilian – and a *woman* no less – had endured Nazi prison camps? Plagued by nightmares for the rest of her life, and finally defeated by pneumonia, Mona Parsons Leonhardt Foster died in December 1976. Her possessions, sold at auction, were eagerly scooped up by those who knew the role she had played during the Second World War. Her story remains largely unknown aside from a mention in the memoirs of a British navigator, and in articles written by Canadian war correspondent Allan Kent in 1945 and herself in 1960. But among the older residents of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, she is remembered with pride and affection.

A stone monument marks the Parsons family plot in a Wolfville cemetery. Mona's father and mother are remembered on one face of the memorial, her brother Ross, who introduced her to Willem Leonhardt, on another. Her brother Henry Gwynn Parsons is remembered for having donated his body to medical science when he died in 1966. But Mona? Her inscription simply reads

Mona L. Parsons
1901–1976
Wife of Major General Harry Foster
C.B.E., D.S.O.

Andria Hill, a freelance writer, lives near Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Co-author of a play about Mona Parsons, she is working toward the establishment of a permanent, public display devoted to Mona's life. Ms. Hill's book on Mona Parsons will be published by Nimbus in 1999.



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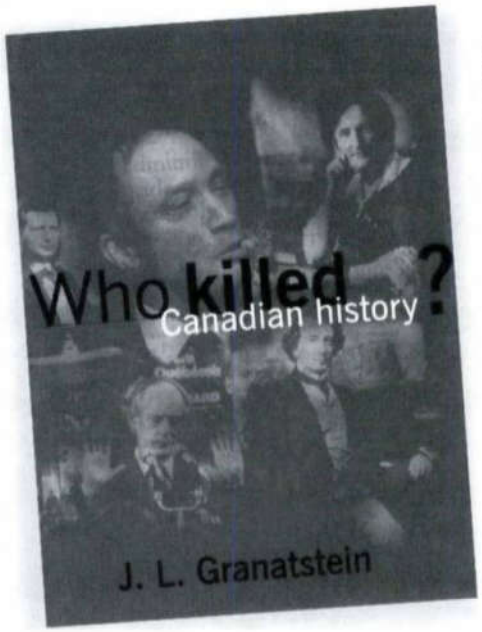
The butler did it

BY CHARLES HOU

WHO KILLED CANADIAN HISTORY?
By J.L. Granatstein
HarperCollins, Toronto, 1998
156 pp., $22.00 hardcover



In order for a nation to survive, its citizens must share a common memory or knowledge of the past. J.L. Granatstein's book *Who Killed Canadian History?* is a harsh indictment of the way in which Canadians pass on the knowledge of our past, and prepare our children and new citizens to participate effectively in the democratic process.

Granatstein does a great job of pointing his finger at the main culprits. He starts with our constitution, which places responsibility for the education process in the hands of the provincial governments. These governments are more interested in local or regional issues than they are in national history. They are also vulnerable to educators who promote "dumbed-down" textbooks, courses, and standards and to pressure groups who lobby for various ethnic and social causes. University history departments, especially in central Canada, are divided into areas of special interest and do not provide their students with a national sense of history. Few even require students to study Canadian history to graduate. There is too much emphasis on the mistreatment of women, minority groups, and various regions, and not enough on broader national themes. Few professors make any attempt, Granatstein writes, to "weave all the new perspectives, including those in political history, into a seamless web that teaches first year students about *all* of Canadian history." In his view, the federal government compounds the problem by encouraging multiculturalism instead of promoting Canadian culture. He suggests, among other things, that the federal government establish national standards in education and set national scholarship exams in various subjects to identify and reward our top students.

Granatstein also comments on university students' poor writing skills, lack of historical knowledge, and weak work ethic. Professors have been making similar complaints as long as I can remember. Surely the educational system is not as bleak as he suggests. High school students, at least in British Columbia, are much better taught and prepared for university than they were years ago and the calibre of new teachers entering the profession is very high. Teachers of Canadian history do need assistance in locating interesting primary and secondary source materials to bring their topic to life, and historians and university professors could help in this regard.

As a western Canadian, I also take issue with Granatstein's statements about Louis Riel. Riel *is* a hero in western Canada. He forced the Canadian government to negotiate the entry of Manitoba into Confederation in 1870 and to pay attention to western grievances in 1885. To call the Métis jury in the Thomas Scott case a "kangaroo court" is just as unjust as applying the term to the six-man, white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant, eastern Canadian jury that tried Louis Riel. Riel was indeed a religious fanatic, but Sir John A. Macdonald was a racist and an alcoholic. Does that mean Macdonald was not a "genuine hero" but a "bastardized" one? Granatstein's comments on Riel do at least illustrate the problems associated with regional versions of history. No wonder central Canadian politicians have trouble understanding the West.

Granatstein is on safer ground when he criticizes the treatment of the Second World War in our high school and university history textbooks. The emphasis here is on the mistreatment of Japanese, Italian, and Ukrainian Canadians, and the involvement of women in the war, rather than on the causes of the war and Canada's huge involvement in it. The historians who write such material really are presenting an unbalanced and distorted view of the past.

Let us hope that citizens, politicians, educators, historians, and publishers will be shaken from their complacency by Granatstein's book. A steady diet of political and constitutional history is unpalatable, but a more balanced version of our common history needs to be taught "positively and thoroughly" to our young and understood by new immigrants. The very survival of our country depends on it.

Charles Hou has taught Canadian history at the high school level for thirty-three years. He has written numerous teaching aids and articles on Canadian history and has co-authored two books. In 1996 he was awarded the first Governor General's Medal for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History by Canada's National History Society.

New angles in native photos

BY PETER STEVEN

PICTURING A PEOPLE: George Johnston, Tlingit Photographer
Director Carole Geddes
Distributed by the National Film Board of Canada
52 min. VHS video

SHOOTING INDIANS
Director Ali Kazimi
Distributed by Mongrel Media, Toronto
52 min. VHS video

First Nations people from all parts of Canada have taken up filmmaking with a sense of urgency not seen among other communities. And it's hardly a surprise that a great many of these works deal with Canadian history. The depiction of native peoples in the Americas is, after all, one of the more horrid episodes in movie mythmaking. There are a lot of cowboy movies to be overcome.

Two new documentaries take on this visual heritage not only by telling different stories about native peoples but by looking at native photographers. Carole Geddes's *Picturing a People* introduces us to the history of the Tlingit people in the Teslin Lake region of northwestern British Columbia. That history is made concrete and specific in the life of George Johnston, who created a remarkable portrait of his people through the tumultuous years 1920 to 1945. With a basic camera and darkroom equipment acquired through the Eaton's catalogue, Johnston produced work truly that of a community insider. The film emphasizes that these were photo collaborations, showing "people presented as they wished."

"Each person gazes with calm engagement," says Geddes in her brief narration. Many of the photos show events unusual to southern eyes: ferrying a grave fence, by canoe, down the lake to a burial site; children "playing funeral" during the measles epidemics of the 1940s. But most of the works are less startling, and of happier, more relaxed times showing townsfolk or clan relatives posing in regular work clothes, as if they'd just taken a break from their chores when Johnston happened by.

Ali Kazimi's *Shooting Indians* tells a more complex story, based on a more ambitious investigation into the history of native images.

"Here, I'm called an East Indian," says Ali Kazimi of his life in Canada. While growing up in India, Kazimi heard the classic myths of the American Red Man, the noble, authentic people, who vanished. Once in Canada, his desire to find the authentic led him to native artist Jeff Thomas. The result is a subtle, compelling documentary of Thomas's struggle to rewrite one chapter in the history of photography.

Thomas is a practising photographer and historian, of Iroquois descent, born in Buffalo, New York, now living in Canada. His life is a fascinating journey from the grim neighbourhoods of East Buffalo to his work for the National Archives.

Shooting Indians centres on Thomas's struggle with the classic work of Edward Curtis, a white photographer, who during the years 1898 to 1928 created a remarkable record of native peoples in North America. Curtis's reputation has seen many reversals. Today his work stands as both a source and a foil; the images remain deeply disturbing to many native viewers, in the way that they romanticize native peoples, implying that while noble, they were doomed. In most of his portraits Curtis insisted that no evidence of white contact be visible. Native leaders posed at his studio or in wilderness landscapes in traditional dress only; no European objects or clothes were allowed. Curtis believed that the Indians were vanishing, and in those years between the traditional life and the modern assimilation, he was nearly right.

Kazimi also unearths a film shot by Curtis on Vancouver Island in 1914 called *In the Land of the Head Hunters.* It's a fascinating document riddled with contradictions, at once recording native traditions and imposing a foreign vision. Thomas and Kazimi manage to find the lead actress, now one hundred years old, who played an Indian princess, photographed topless by Curtis. For her as well, the Curtis film was a mixed experience – a white man's vision but accurate enough to serve now as a delightful home movie from a very different time.

Kazimi's film shows Thomas coming to terms with the work of Curtis – "an uneasy peace." He now chooses to concentrate on "the people in the photographs," rather than the photographer. This provides the starting point for his work.

Shooting Indians is a quiet, subtle film, where subject and filmmaker reveal their evolving ideas, both struggling, like George Johnston in the 1940s, to show respect for those they photograph, but without a mythic gloss. For Thomas it's a case of studying, not vilifying Curtis. For Kazimi "what has vanished is my image of the mythic, imaginary Red Indian." And as Carole Geddes reminds us, these are stories "needed by those yet to be born."

GEORGE JOHNSTON PHOTO COLLECTION / YUKON ARCHIVES

George Johnston's photos often showed Tlingit people taking a break in their work day.

Peter Steven is a historian, writer, and teacher of film history. He lives in Toronto.

The short, daring life of a hero

BY RALPH CAMPBELL

BARKER VC
William Barker, Canada's most decorated war hero
By Wayne Ralph.
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 1997
308 pp., illus. $34.95 hardcover

This is a fascinating book with something for readers with widely different interests. War and air buffs will find the accounts of Barker's flying and amazing air victories in World War I compelling and exciting; historians will add to their knowledge of the long period through which nations suffered unprecedented human loss. Most readers will ponder the same question the author found so absorbing, namely, what was it that led an untutored farm boy to become the most decorated hero Canada has ever known and then fade into obscurity within a few years?

Bill Barker was a typical twenty-year-old youth when he left his home near Dauphin, Manitoba, to enlist in the Great War. He suffered, as did thousands of others in the trenches, the never-ending horrors of death and mud. But he varied from the typical by applying and becoming an observer, and later pilot, in the Royal Flying Corps. His air record was spectacular: he shot down fifty planes and kite balloons, becoming a leader among his fellow aces. His last exploit, only a few days before the end of the war, would thrill any reader, as the author describes Barker's injuries in the air: feinting, then firing, and finally landing almost unconscious just over enemy lines in friendly territory.

Barker received many awards, including the Victoria Cross, Distinguished Service Order and Bar, Military Cross, and Croix-de-Guerre. From a lowly rookie private he became a lieutenant-colonel and the most decorated Canadian of all time.

Bill Barker was a warm and friendly personality, always ready to chat with those who occupied less important roles. He wrote frequently, with graphic descriptions of his life and exploits, to his mother back in rural Manitoba. As a former World War II pilot who also came from a farm, this reviewer contrasts his own letters to his mother with those of Barker – frequent, yes, but never mentioning flying for fear of causing concern. What becomes inexplicable in Barker's case was his apparent loss of all interest in his family and hometown after the war, not visiting for months after he returned to Canada. When he died in 1930 he had not seen his family for years.

Barker's career reached its high point at the end of the war. His energy, personality, and ambition drove him to do a number of worthwhile things, some in concert with his friend and business partner, the also-famous Billy Bishop, but economic and technological conditions were not conducive to success. He also became an exhibition stunt flier from time to time, commanding officer of the Camp Borden air station, acting director of the Canadian Air Force, liaison officer with the RAF, and even the first president of the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team (an honorary position). Barker, married in 1921 to Jean Smith, the daughter of a wealthy and influential Toronto businessman, also worked for his father-in-law's firm. And although Barker was appreciated for his warm personality and positive approach, he was at a disadvantage because of his lack of experience in business. The author sums up Barker's problem, "If it was hard for an average soldier to adjust to civilian life, it was even harder for such a heroic figure as Barker."

In 1930 Barker died in an air crash while undertaking dangerous low-level flying in a plane he had never flown before. His funeral was attended by an unprecedented number of viewers and mourners.

The author, Wayne Ralph, has undertaken careful and wide-ranging research and has produced a literary and thoughtful saga of an exceptional Canadian.

Ralph Campbell is former president of the University of Manitoba. His experience in World War II includes ditching in the English Channel at night and being shot down on fire – two events described in his book, We Flew by Moonlight.

A prairie potpourri

BY BARBARA KELCEY

RIVER ROAD
Essays on Manitoba and Prairie History
By Gerald Friesen
University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg, 1996
264 pp., index. $19.95 paper

In *River Road,* Gerald Friesen has assembled eighteen essays and articles that target two different audiences – academics and lay readers – with varied themes and mixed success. Several articles, reproduced from magazines and newspapers (such as "River Road," cowritten with Jean Friesen), will interest lay readers or, as Friesen calls them, nonprofessionals. The opening article charts an allegorical avenue towards the development of prairie communities and culture, and raises issues discussed in the remaining text.

Shorter pieces, like "La Verendrye and the French Empire in Western North America," cowritten with Kathryn Young, and "Bilingualism in Manitoba: The Historical Context," both written for the *Winnipeg Free Press,* are interesting and informative for anyone trying to grapple with some of the problems of prairie culture, although the reader would have been better served if the footnoted information about the source had been presented at the beginning so context is immediately evident. This is one of the dangers of mixing the audience in one volume, as professionals will habitually check the documentation to evaluate a piece, whereas many lay readers see the smaller font and skip past it, missing the significance of what was left out.

The review evaluating *The Collected*

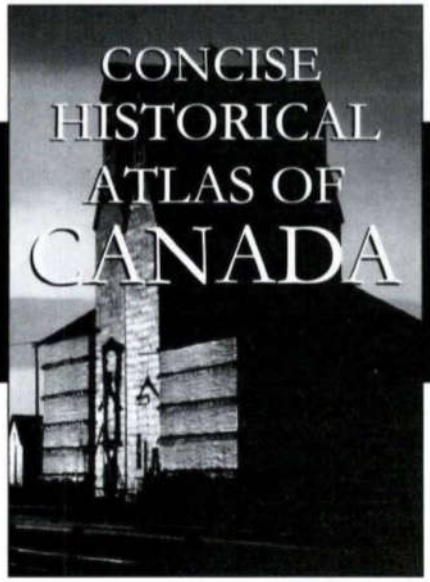
Writing of Louis Riel is scholarly enough to familiarize those unable, or unwilling, to wade through all five volumes of the work. "Manitoba and the Meech Lake Accord" will instantly evoke memories of Elijah Harper holding his eagle feather in the Manitoba legislature, and ponders some of the historical background of the issue. "Constitutional Politics: Cardinal Points on a Prairie Compass" bears the tone of a personal soapbox, promoting prairie concerns and regionalism, but most prairie residents will agree with the debate. It is also reassuring that Friesen recognizes that the very diversity and political will which regionalism generates is enduring and useful.

There are four essays in parts two and three of the book that would also pique the interest of the lay reader and might be better placed with the first grouping. "The Manitoba Historical Society: A Centennial History" describes how an active group promoted interest in Manitoba's past. Anyone who ever donned skates and wrapped their shins with Eaton's catalogues will smile with recognition throughout "Hockey and Prairie Cultural History." Recent events in the aftermath of the Red River flood reinforce the ideas presented in "Perimeter Vision: Three Notes on the History of Rural Manitoba." Like "Afterword: Still Teaching the Same Stuff?" these essays are part of "a new historical synthesis," as the section title implies, but the nonprofessional will identify closely with the content.

It is difficult to do adequate justice to the remaining nine, more academic essays, considering the research and analysis that went into their writing. The topics are diverse within the central theme, yet reflect Friesen's own research pursuits, unlike the broad range of contributions found in the rest of the anthology. For example, women and children do not seem to live on Friesen's River Road, but they have always been an integral part of the landscape. Nevertheless, the topical value of "'Justice Systems' and Manitoba's Aboriginal People" (cowritten with Associate Chief Justice A.C. Hamilton and Associate Chief Judge C.M. Sinclair) cannot be discounted for the broader audience. Scholars and students will find the historiographical essays on "Labour History and the Metis," comparative history between the prairies, Australia, and Argentina, or ethnic history of the prairies, useful and provocative. Ultimately that's where this book has its most value and will have its use: in seminars, classrooms, and study carrels as the starting point for other work or as the basis for discussion. Some readers may get a lingering sense that Friesen cleared out his filing cabinet to place, in one volume, valuable essays for his prairie history class, but there is something here for everyone. Just be careful when handling the book; with one reading the binding came apart.

Barbara Kelcey is a Winnipeg historian and coauthor with Angela E. Davis of A Great Movement Underway: Women and the Grain Growers' Guide 1908-1928, *the latest volume from the Manitoba Record Society.*

People and Places



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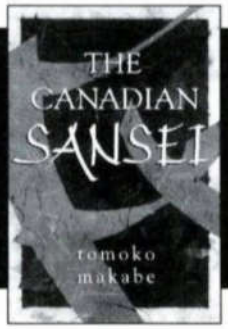

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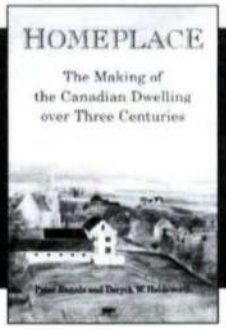

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Picturing Canada's past; native history reconsidered

Some people are attracted to a book as much for its illustrations as for its text ("a picture is worth ..."). Personally, I read more than I look. Nonetheless, I was very taken by the first two (of a projected six) volumes of *The Illustrated History of Canada*. What prompted me to consider the pictures more carefully was the introductory chapter of *Forging the Prairie West*, in which the author discusses his criteria for selecting the book's images. He resolved to use "only 'factual' images 'authentic' to the historical events that they depicted"– no Jeffreys drawings from the 1920s or Arbuckle paintings from the 1940s. He wanted a diversity of images, "the 'limited identities' of gender, ethnicity, and class, as well as the identity of reason." He also planned to use images that "would be original, never before reproduced." The discussion of the problems (and partial failure) of trying to achieve these objectives is fascinating. Pictures, we are reminded, are as biased as written words. Each one was created with a purpose, most with an immediate commercial market in mind.

Both books in the series (*True North* is the other) have marvellous pictures and clear, interesting prose. Each one seems a good length, but I doubt the other volumes in the series can be kept this brief. My only quibble with these two is that in writing about native Canadians, the authors felt compelled to review what used to be thought and taught. These discussions of the controversies surrounding earlier interpretations interrupt the flow of the narratives. We are given not only history, but a history of the histories.

Some of the pictures in *Voices from Hudson Bay*, a volume recording the recollections of Cree elders who lived and worked at York Factory, are also quite wonderful – my favourite is a 1916 image of two boys with bows and arrows standing by a large cannon. But the book is mainly words – the words of fourteen elders as they recall and reflect on their lives at the Hudson's Bay Company post early in this century. An introduction sketches the history of York Factory, thus putting these personal, often-poignant memories into a larger perspective.

Clearly not intended for a popular readership, yet probably essential to any understanding of native interaction with Europeans in western Canada, is Arthur J. Ray's *Indians in the Fur Trade*, republished with a new introduction by the author. The book is exhaustive in research detail and technical in presentation, complete with charts and diagrams. Ray clearly demonstrates how fur trading was "in the broadest sense, a partnership for the exploitation of resources." Because of the interdependence of traders and natives, from 1660 to 1870 peace prevailed. During that period, the Indian culture underwent profound changes as natives became specialists in trapping and in trading. Ultimately, in the years just prior to extensive European settlement, overexploitation brought the destruction of the fur resource base and forced even greater cultural disruption.

In the last twenty-five years or so, we Canadians of European heritage have been forced to reevaluate the effects of our influence on the native peoples. One thing that Europeans brought to natives in the west and the north, along with guns and whisky, was Christianity. Two conscientiously critical, yet essentially sympathetic studies of the Oblate missions have been published by the University of Alberta Press: *Proclaiming the Gospel to the Indians and the Métis* and *From the Great River: Oblate Missions to the Dene, 1847–1921*. The "good news" of the gospel was not entirely beneficial, nor was it all bad, either. Both books tell their stories and conclude by indicating that the future of Christianity among natives must rest in their own hands.

For a more extensive understanding of native history, the book to turn to is *Reading Beyond Words*. It is a scholarly, yet readable, anthology, presenting a variety of viewpoints, all intended to help the reader take a fresh look, to "read beyond" the words. The book has the look and feel of a textbook (which it is – Broadview Press publishes for the educational market), but don't

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Proclaiming the Gospel to the Indians and the Métis.
By Raymond J.A. Huel. University of Alberta Press, 1996. 388 pp. $29.95 paper.

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By Hugh A. Dempsey. Fifth House, 1995. 283 pp. $12.95 paper.

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By William R. Morrison. Oxford University Press, 1998. 202 pp. $29.95 paper.

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Edited and compiled by Flora Beardy and Robert Coutts. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1996. 194 pp. $19.95 paper.

Woman of Labrador.
By Elizabeth Goudie. Nimbus, 1996. 200 pp. $12.95 paper.

let that put you off. Here are stories, personalities, and events – some familiar, some not – interpreted or reinterpreted in fresh ways.

If you are interested in aboriginal biography, two other very readable books have also been reprinted, as "classics." *Woman of Labrador* is the autobiography of a woman who lived through the transition from life as a trapper's wife to the new way of life brought by the Churchill Falls hydroelectric project. Difficult as her early experiences clearly were, she much preferred trapping to the modern world forced upon her. This first book about a Labrador woman – and first book by a *native-born* Labrador woman – is a very human document, "full of joy, fear, humour and tribulation ."

By way of contrast in both mood and content, *Red Crow: Warrior Chief* traces the life of the nineteenth-century Blood chief. Author Hugh A. Dempsey paints a heroic picture of Red Crow as a statesman and a diplomat, as well as a fighter. The chief was selective in his battles – for example, Red Crow did not join Louis Riel, whose cause he thought was lost. Besides, "to him it was a fight between Crees and whites – and that made all the difference in the world." Part of the Blackfoot Nation, Bloods saw the Crees "as inveterate foes, to be stamped out the way a man would crush an insect under his moccasin." ◆

LETTERS

The dickens, you say!

I have just finished reading your excellent special issue, Our Men in Scarlet [June/July 1998], and I would like to draw your readers' attention to the photograph (p. 13) accompanying the article, "Francis J. Dickens: Profile of an Officer," by Vic Parsons. The caption that accompanies the photo reads: "Officer Francis Dickens, second from the right, appears in this first known photograph of the North-West Mounted Police taken in 1874." This particular photograph has been widely reproduced, and the individual standing second from the right has been routinely identified as Sub-Inspector Francis J. Dickens, son of the great English novelist Charles Dickens. However, this cannot possibly be the case.

The original image was taken sometime prior to June 7th, 1874, because on that date a woodcut engraving based on this particular photograph appeared as an illustration in the Montreal-based *Canadian Illustrated News*. Under the heading, "The Dominion Mounted Police," and bearing the caption "Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Force," it filled half a page. Given the fact that Francis Dickens did not arrive in Canada until autumn 1874, and did not join the North-West Mounted Police in the field until November 1, sans uniform), the person in the photograph could not possibly be the novelist's wayward heir.

There are numerous photographs of Inspector Dickens in his Mounted Police uniform as well as in civilian attire, and he bears no physical resemblance to the person in the photograph. In life, Francis Dickens, known to the rank and file as "Little Dick," was a man of rather short stature with drooping shoulders. Posted to "C" Division, Dickens spent most of his police career at Fort Macleod, and although photographs taken there in 1879 show him with a full beard, another, taken at Fort Walsh a few months later, shows him clean-shaven except for a languid mustache. There is no visual record of his appearance in 1874.

George F. Kush UE
Monarch, Alberta

More for good measure

In Adrienne Leduc's charming "A Letter to Antoine" [December 1997/January 1998], she refers to Antoine Leduc's homestead as "80 *arpents* (approximately the same as today's acres) in size." She also says that his paddling trip to Georgian Bay had covered "thousands of *lieues*. (In Canada one *lieue* equals three kilometres.)"

A letter from Michael Marlatt [April/May 1998] offers comments on these French measurements, but these are puzzling. Marlatt writes "the *arpent* is a measure of length, not area," and concludes that "one *lieue* equals 4.9 kilometres."

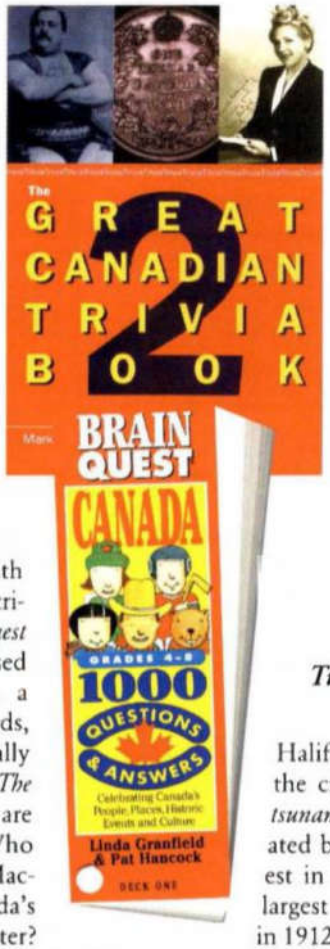
The word *arpent* was used in France and New France for both a linear unit of measurement and a unit of area measurement. The *arpent* still is legally recognized in Canada (Weights and Measures Act, 1971) for purposes of describing certain land in Quebec. The National Standard of Canada (CAN/CSA-Z234.1-89, section 7.2) lists "1 arpent, as a unit of length, equals 180 feet (French measure)," and, "1 arpent, as a unit of area equals 32,400 square feet (French measure)."

This Canadian standard further gives the area of one *arpent* as equivalent to 3,419 square metres. Since an acre is equivalent to 4,047 square metres, 80 *arpents* of the Leduc homestead would be equal to approximately 67.5 acres.

Given the several distances historically associated with the word *lieue* and the corresponding English word *league*, there could be more than one translation into modern terms of measurement. But Lester A. Ross, in his very comprehensive publication *Archeological Metrology* (Parks Canada, 1983), lists the *lieue* as 12,000 *pieds du roi*, equal to about 3.9 kilometres. This is almost midway between the figures given by Adrienne Leduc and Michael Marlatt.

James L. Packham, P. Eng.
Toronto, Ontario

Not dead yet



Canadian history may be in a parlous state in Canadian classrooms, according to Jack Granatstein in his mini-jeremiad, *Who Killed Canadian History* (see review, page 43), but has he checked the backseat of his car lately? There may be some grandchildren (in the grades 4 to 8 set) hunkered there, absorbing CanHist in a somewhat less earnest way with Linda Granfield and Patricia Hancock's *Brain Quest Canada*, a newly released quiz game (more like a thick deck of Q&A cards, actually) that occasionally tested our mettle here at *The Beaver* (and all of us are grade 8 graduates!) Who defeated Sir John A. Macdonald to become Canada's first Liberal prime minister? card 44 asks. Easy. Alexander Mackenzie. We didn't even have to look. (Questions which defeated us shall remain unrecorded.)

Is Canadian history in such digestible nuggets a trend? David Manga has developed the All Canadian Trivia Board Game, a Trivial Pursuit-like entertainment with a large history component fit for dreary afternoons. (Which prime minister was in office longest? one card asks. Answer: see page 31 this issue of *The Beaver*.) Joe Chidley has *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Exploring Canada* (Prentice Hall Canada, $21.95), with a traveller's section on exploring said country's history. And Mark Kearney and Randy Roy have released a second volume of their *Great Canadian Trivia Book* (Hounslow Press, $17.99) because there's so much astonishing stuff about this country one book just wouldn't do. (For example: Who was the man who called himself the Poet Laureate of Canada? Answer: James Gay, 1810–1891, considered one of the worst verse writers this country ever produced.)

Each of these endeavours may in its way be one small step in maintaining the collective memory here in the peaceable kingdom. Or maybe not. Now, what would Jack Granatstein say?

❀ ❀ ❀

Titanic sinks, Halifax rises

Halifax, Nova Scotia is riding the crest of a wave – perhaps *tsunami* is a better word – created by an explosion of interest in the *Titanic*, the world's largest ocean liner, which sank in 1912, sparked in turn by the *Titanic*, the world's most expensive movie, which premiered last winter and swept the Oscars last spring.

Eighty-six years ago, Halifax, as the nearest major port, found itself suddenly obliged to respond to the terrible sinking off the Newfoundland coast that killed more than 1,500 people. The city became the site for the graves of some 150 victims of the tragedy (among them an Irish-boiler room worker named J. Dawson, coincidentally the same name and initial as the ill-fated hero of director James Cameron's film). And the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic became the repository of a small collection of wooden *Titanic* artifacts, including a deck chair, a newel post, and a piece of panelling from the first-class lounge much like the one upon which actress Kate Winslet floated to safety in the film.

DEREK HARRISON, MARITIME MUSEUM OF THE ATLANTIC

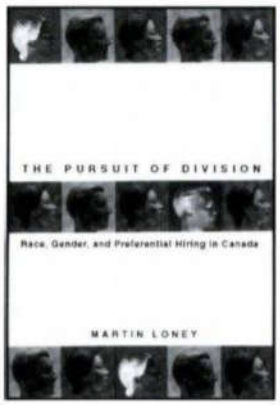
Little of this *Titanic*abilia aroused more than nominal interest until Cameron's film hit screens and launched a thousand tears. Make that a million tears. No, a billion. As one tourist official told us, before the film, Haligonians' attitude to their *Titanic* legacy fell along these lines: "like, yeah, whatever." This past summer, however, giant tour buses and even more minibuses have been making their way daily to Fairview Cemetery, home to the largest number of *Titanic* graves in the world, and the site of J. Dawson's grave, which receives endless tributes of flowers and movie ticket stubs. Once poorly maintained, the *Titanic* graves are currently the subject of a government restoration initiative that also includes funding to improve other *Titanic*-related sites around Nova Scotia, and create displays, pamphlets, films, and other peripheral material.

Meanwhile, the Maritime Museum

ROGER LLOYD, MARITIME MUSEUM OF THE ATLANTIC

Fairview Lawn Cemetery, Halifax.

EXPLODING IDENTITY POLITICS



In ***The Pursuit of Division: Race, Gender, and Preferential Hiring in Canada***, Martin Loney – a leading voice against the Human Rights Commission's recent decision on pay equity – argues that an improbable alliance of radical feminists, multicultural bureaucrats, and politicians chasing ethnic votes has produced a divisive political agenda at the expense of a shared Canadian community.

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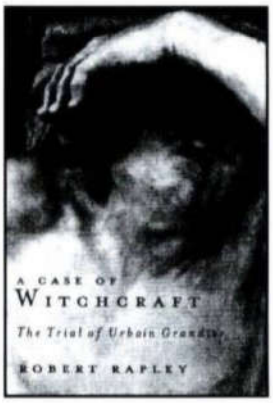
BURNED AT THE STAKE



A Case of Witchcraft is the true story of a 17th century priest, and womanizer, put to death for choosing the wrong side of a political battle. When Ursuline Nuns claimed to have been molested by the Devil, Urbain Grandier was accused of having made this possible through witchcraft. His death allowed the king to further consolidate his grip on France. Robert Rapley weaves a chilling and sobering tale of conspiracy, corruption, and mass hysteria.

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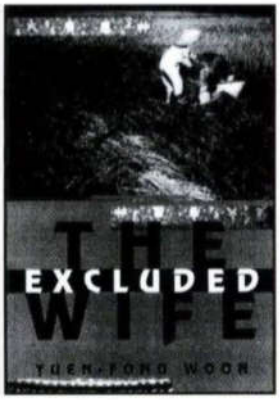

Inspired by the true stories of Chinese women who immigrated to Canada, Yuen-Fong Woon tells the riveting story of Sau-Ping who escaped civil war, famine, and lawlessness in 1920s China only to be stopped at Canada's border by the Chinese Immigration (Exclusion) Act. Her husband was allowed in, but she, like so many others, was ***The Excluded Wife***.

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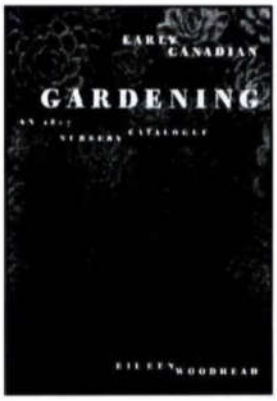

Early Canadian Gardening rediscovers those plants that allowed this country to prosper and grow. Illustrated with elegant line drawings by Eileen Woodhead, the book opens with a reproduction of the rare 1827 plant and seed catalogue that sparks Woodhead's discussion of the trees, shrubs, fruits, and flowers that made life possible for the colonial pioneers.

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of the Atlantic has seen its attendance figures taking a titanic leap. In July, 1997, for example, before the release of the film, 15,000 people visited the Halifax waterfront museum. One year later, numbers had tripled, resulting in the busiest July in the museum's history. The *Titanic* display, part of a larger *Shipwrecks and Lifesaving* exhibit, has been augmented with additional artifacts, including a bench from the first-class lounge once owned by a Cape Breton family, as well as new interpretive displays that illustrate Halifax's connection to the disaster.

MUSÉE MCCORD / MCCORD MUSEUM

Overview of the section Wintering in the exhibition **Simply Montreal: Glimpses of a Unique City.**

And then there's the stuff: the T-shirts, the baseball caps, the mugs (including, everywhere, Leonardo DiCaprio's), the posters, the postcards, the glassware, the books, the ship models. You can chow down on a Thai-Tanic chicken wrap sandwich, or spoon a Titanic sundae, dine at Titanic-motif restaurants or sip a Titanic ale, or shop, shop, shop at a Titanic gift shop.

What kind of shelf life does a pop culture phenomenon have? Andy Warhol once allotted fifteen minutes of fame to everyone, but it's hard to know if he intended large sunken inanimate objects in this category. Certainly many Haligonians are hoping to benefit from the *Titanic* craze for a good long time to come. But if they don't, they do have another disaster on deck just panting for some movie auteur's magic – the 1917 Halifax Explosion. It, too, claims a superlative – before Hiroshima, it was the world's greatest man-made explosion.

❁ ❁ ❁

Essence of Montreal distilled

Simply Montreal, the title of the McCord Museum's new permanent exhibition, seems almost to belie its subject – the complexity, the sophistication of a great metropolis. *Simply* Montreal? *Merely* Montreal? How could this be? Ah! But of course! *Simply* also means "absolutely, altogether, frankly, candidly" – all spirited descriptions that aptly apply to the exhibition's interpretation of Montreal's singular attributes.

Subtitled *Glimpses of a Unique City,* the exhibition draws on 600 objects and 200 photographs in the McCord Museum's own extensive collection to offer a taste of the town in all of its seasons – climatically as well as historically – with lots of audiovisual and interactive elements thrown in to keep you amused and edified. *Simply Montreal* even dares to tackle the dreaded topic of winter – too soon approaching in these parts – as one of its four themes (Wintering, Meeting, Prospering, Enjoying). But then climate is one of the elemental forces shaping history and social life, and nothing shapes your day like an ice storm in January. The curators of *Simply Montreal* have even put red noses on the mannequins modelling historical winter togs. Very witty.

Of course, once you've got winter out of the way, you can get on with life: Meeting (Montreal as a nexus of aboriginal, French, English, and world cultures), Prospering (Montreal from the fur-trade to cyberspace), and Enjoying (what Montrealers do after they've met and prospered).

Simply Montreal is the McCord's largest exhibit since it reopened in 1992, and most of its costumes, textiles, and accessories are being displayed for the very first time. Though billed as permanent, the exhibition will, in fact, feature a rotation of objects from the McCord's collection, and it will likely last no more than three years – so no dawdling.

❁ ❁ ❁

Still not dead yet

And in other rejoinders to the notion that Canadian history has been dealt a killing blow, the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada has announced the topic for its annual conference early next year: Teaching and Learning Canadian History. In partnership with Canada's National History Society, Canadian Heritage, the CRB Foundation, the Dominion Institute, Heritage Canada, and others, the two-day conference, scheduled for January 30 and 31, 1999 in Montreal, will examine the state of history education in a country where diverse values, ideologies, educational theories, and political administrations challenge the process of transmitting the collective memory to new generations of Canadians.

History is in fashion, conference organizers say, pointing to strong history book sales, the popularity of television history channels, praise for the CRB Foundation's Heritage Minutes, and renewed debate in the media on teaching history. But at the same time, while Canadian history is vanishing from classrooms in half the country's provinces, evidence suggests worrying numbers of Canadians don't know even the most basic facts of their own history. In view of this seeming contradiction, the conference will ask participants to consider how a broader array of historical perceptions can be shared with other Canadians, and how better use might be made of existing and potential media and other resources; in short, how to give the past a future. Further information is available from the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada, 3463 Peel Street, Montreal, Quebec, H3A 1W7. Telephone: (514) 398-2658; fax: (514) 398-7336; e-mail: <ldarroch@leacock.lan.mcgill.ca>.

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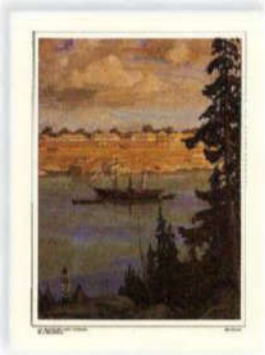
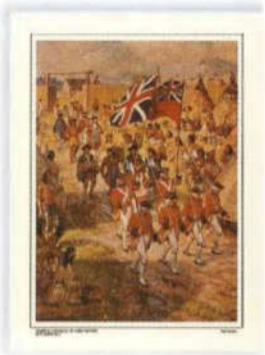
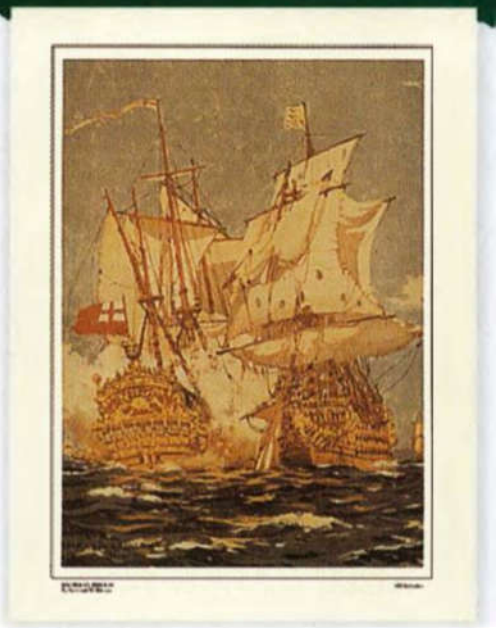


B. *S.S.* **Beaver** *off Fort Victoria,* **by A. Sherriff Scott**

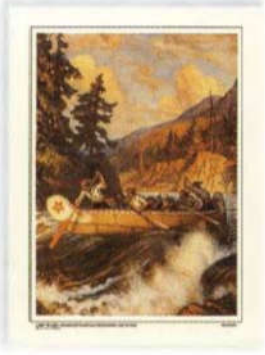


C. *Trading Ceremony at York Factory,* **by A. Sherriff Scott**

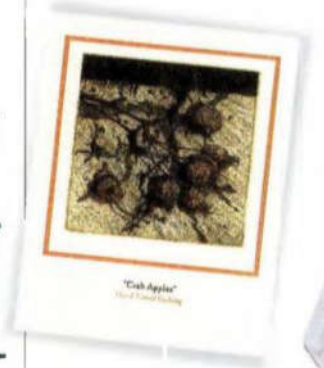


A. *Battle of the Bay 1697,* **by Norman Wilkinson**

D. *Ballantyne and George Barnston at Tadoussac 1846,* **by Charles Comfort**



E. *Chief Trader A. McDonald Descending the Fraser,* **by A. Sherriff Scott**



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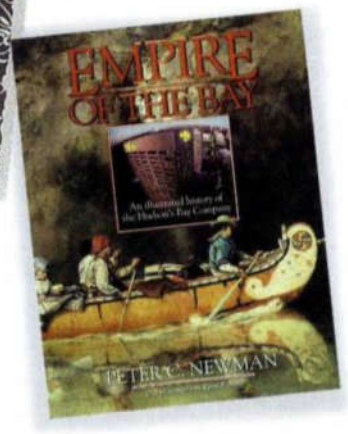

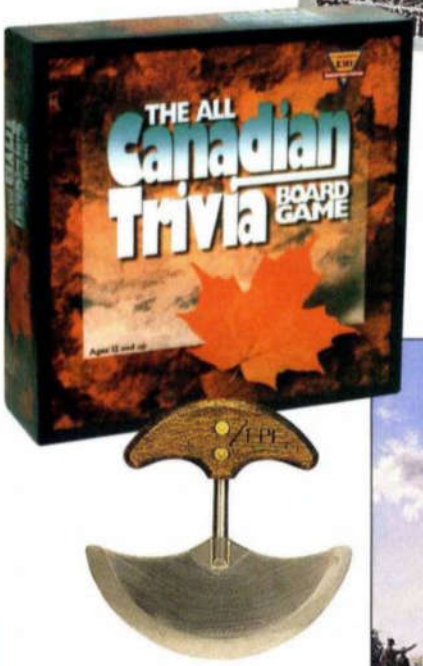

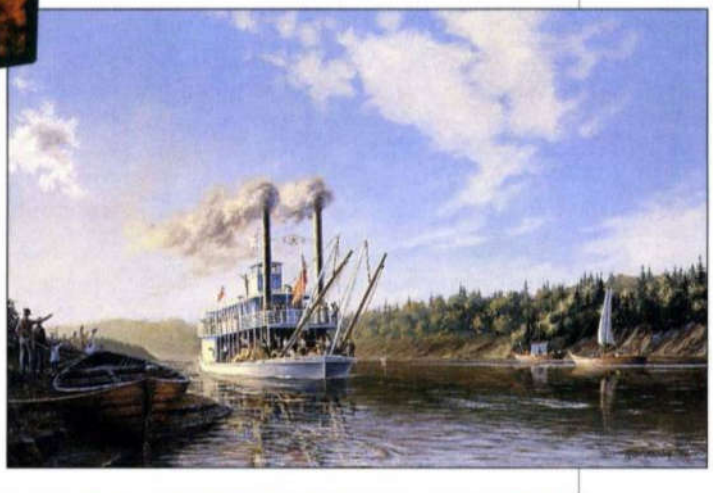

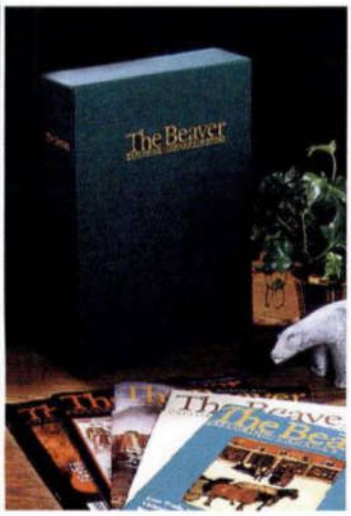

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Christopher Moore

Aboriginal History, Aboriginal Historians

"It's all about moving from being the subjects to being the authors of our own story," said Dean Jacobs of the Walpole Island First Nation in southwestern Ontario. Jacobs had just come from celebrating the launch of *Earth, Air, Fire, Water,* a collection of essays from an ethnohistorical conference that was organized by and held at Walpole Island's Heritage Centre. He was pleased with the book, but even more with what it says about how aboriginal history is now being researched, written, and published.

"It used to be that academics held these conferences and we were not even there. They got no feedback until the reviews of their books appeared. Whereas in this case I have the lead article, for instance, and First Nations' views are included in the academic work." Jacobs is sure that mainstream academics find their own work improving as a result of consultation with native scholars and native audiences. And First Nations communities like his regain the sense of being participants, not merely passive objects, in historical work about their place and their past.

It's a phenomenon that can be seen across the country. From Alberta comes *The True Spirit and Original Intent of Treaty 7,* by two scholars working in association with the Treaty 7 Tribal Council. From British Columbia comes *You Are Called to Witness,* a history of the Sto:lo people of the Fraser Valley, produced and published by themselves. From Nova Scotia to the Yukon, similar examples suggest that native Canadians are increasingly taking their place in the ongoing conversation that is Canadian historical writing. "The First Nations of Canada have now assumed an active role in the production of scholarly knowledge and interpretation," declares anthropologist Bruce Miller in a recent *Canadian Historical Review.* It seemed time to take a closer look at this phenomenon.

Dean Jacobs of Walpole Island is an enthusiastic participant in the program of native-history-by-native-people. Like many aboriginal groups, his Walpole Island community first developed its research program with a very specific goal: to support its claims for land and treaty rights. Gradually, as they saw land-claims negotiations stretching out over decades, the community's research ambitions expanded into more fields, from environmental studies to cultural history. Now, after twenty-five years, the Heritage Centre "provides curriculum for our schools, and we help to educate our own people and the wider public about native peoples."

Like nearly every native historian I spoke with, Jacobs stressed that the hallmark of what they do is community control. "We practise cooperative community-based research here," he says. "Everything we do has to be community-based and applied. The community has to see, feel, and touch what we do. Because it costs money and it does not provide roads or houses, we have to demonstrate the benefits." Not only does Walpole Island's Heritage Centre provide jobs on the reserve, says Jacobs, "we can show the benefits of knowing ourselves better, of documenting our claims."

Aboriginal knowledge is "oral. It uses narrative and metaphor, rather than argument and abstraction. And the way scholarship on those lines is kept honest is by being accountable to the community it comes from."

Keith Carlson, the historian of the Sto:lo Nation of southwestern British Columbia, says something similar about the importance of rooting one's research in the community – though Carlson is not himself a native. The Sto:lo hired him several years ago for his historical skills, soon after a B.C. court declared that it found historical evidence more acceptable than archaeological data. "I was assigned to develop that research, which could then be considered by Sto:lo traditional intellectuals." For the book Carlson helped produce, in partnership with what has been called "Sto:lo University", "the elders defined what they saw as the big issues and the broad themes" and also set out restrictions on what they did not want covered in detail, such as ceremonies whose sacredness they wished to protect.

With that established, Carlson's lack of native ancestry ceased to be a problem. "I asked about my being a white historian doing this, and the elders told me, 'Race doesn't matter,' so long as I shared my findings and checked my interpretations with Sto:lo people." By drawing on native research skills, the Sto:lo history, like others of its kind, clearly creates new knowledge, not only by adding a native perspective, but also in linguistic work, place-name analysis, and understanding of oral tradition and systems of governance. "Clearly there was a strong sense of Sto:lo ownership," says Carlson about the research project. "In the past, they told me, they never felt they had control."

The Sto:lo Nation published its own book and successfully marketed it, particularly to schools around British Columbia, but other routes are also available. Publisher Greg Young-Ing of Theytus Books in Penticton, B.C., the largest aboriginal trade publisher in Canada, reports that the Circle of Aboriginal-Controlled Publishers in Canada now has over sixty members and is growing rapidly.

If aboriginal Canadian history is now being produced through native research and writing, published though native publishing houses, and addressed to

native and non-native audiences alike, are we at the opening of a golden age of aboriginal historical writing?

Don't count on it, I was told by one of Theytus Books's authors. Howard Adams has been a long-time Métis activist, a radical scholar, and a professor both in Saskatchewan and at the University of California. Now retired in Vancouver, Adams has been writing Métis history for decades. He fears that a new generation of native critics and intellectuals is not rising behind him.

"I have taught at the University of Saskatchewan every summer for several years, and there are lots of Indian and Métis kids going to university," says Adams. "But they are not going into the social sciences or the humanities. They're into law in a big way. We have flooded the market with native lawyers! And they are becoming teachers and social workers. My argument is that they are going into pragmatic, practical things, rather than the humanities."

Adams suspects that native culture and academic culture both guide aboriginal students away from the humanities. "I'm very concerned about aboriginal writers. They are not into anything academic. They prefer literature, poetry, particularly anything connected to native spirituality. As far as history, the academic kind or anything, they just are not there. I'm disappointed that there are not more coming along."

Adams's view seems paradoxical, considering the flood of aboriginal publications. But around the country, after a couple of decades of university native-studies programs, there are not many professionally trained aboriginal historians. Adams clearly does not expect his kind of independent, critical writer to emerge from First Nations organizations; he attacks them as "compradors," accepting government money and government control while most native people remain as poor and marginal as ever. And it is true the publications of both Theytus Books and the other large aboriginal trade press, Winnipeg's Pemmican Publications, rely heavily on poetry, fiction, and traditional lore.

Marlene Brant Castellano, a Mohawk formerly at Trent University's Native Studies program and codirector of research for the recent Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples, cautions against excessive expectations. Despite the number of young aboriginals entering colleges and universities, the number actually graduating (and doing postgraduate work) remains painfully small. But she also points to the substantial gap that divides aboriginal ways of knowing from most mainstream forms of academic research and historical writing.

"One of the key things about aboriginal knowledge is that it is oral. It uses narrative and metaphor, rather than argument and abstraction," says Castellano. "And the way scholarship on those lines is kept honest is by being accountable to the community it comes from. It is increasingly understood that, in order to be authentic, studies on native issues need to be rooted in the community in the way academic studies and intellectual work generally are not."

As well, Castellano says, "there is a revival of aboriginal community and culture and ceremonial [tradition] right across the country. People don't look to official history for their affirmation. They look to the elders. And there is a sense of protectedness about the traditional culture. There has been so much erosion of it that many feel they have to draw back – not to isolationism as an end in itself, but to come back with a stronger tradition. ... The traditional knowledge needs to be revitalized, and the ways of transfer between traditional ways of knowing and the mainstream are not well developed."

Castellano says this thoughtfully, unapologetically – but in its own way, her suggestion that historical writing as we usually imagine it is not what First Nations urgently need may confirm Howard Adams's disquiet. Echoing her, Jeanne Archibald of the First Nations House of Learning at the University of British Columbia suggests that literacy, computers, and the methods of historical research may best serve aboriginal communities as tools – not as frameworks. "First Nations people may be doing the writing," she says, "but we want to keep the oral tradition alive. We don't want a culture based on literacy to take over."

It seems clear that the research and publication capacity being built by First Nations governments and native studies programs is ensuring that studies of aboriginal Canada will never again be the preserve of nonnative experts disconnected from the communities they study.

But will we see a great original historian standing among the remarkable novelists, playwrights, actors, and musicians who have emerged in Aboriginal Canada in recent years? Or is that asking the wrong question? ◆

You Are Asked to Witness: The Sto:lo in Canada's Pacific Coast History. **Edited by Keith Thor Carlson. Chilliwack, B.C.: Sto:lo Heritage Trust, 1987.**

Earth, Air, Fire, Water. **Edited by Dean Jacobs. Waterloo, Ont.: Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 1988.**

A new edition of Howard Adams's *The Tortured People* has just been published by Theytus Books of Penticton, B.C.

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Directors Elected and Reelected

Patricia O'Brien, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Francine Lelièvre, of Montreal, were elected to the Society board at its annual meeting in June.

Patricia O'Brien is a past president of the Newfoundland Historical Society and currently vice chairperson, board of trustees, National Film Board of Canada, and an adjunct professor, Memorial University of Newfoundland. A graduate of Queen's and Memorial universities with majors in history, she is the author of several historical articles as well as two books, *Out of Mind, Out of Sight: A History of the Waterford Hospital* and *The Grenfell Obsession: An Anthology*.

PIERRE CHARBONNEAU

Francine Lelièvre is a historian with degrees from the University of Montreal and Laval University. She is the director of Pointe-à-Callière, the Montreal Museum of Archaeology and History, a position she has held since founding the institution in 1992. She has been much honoured for establishing Pointe-à-Callière as well as for other achievements in her professional career. Mme. Lelièvre is the president of the society of directors of twenty-two Montreal museums, and has been associated with a variety of educational, cultural, heritage, and tourism organizations, as a consultant, project manager, guest professor, director, or curator. She serves on many volunteer boards in Montreal and Quebec.

The annual meeting also reelected Tina Loo, Marlene Shore and The Right Honourable Joe Clark for second terms on the board.

Smith Leaves Board

Shirlee Anne Smith resigned as a director of Canada's National History Society at the annual meeting in June. Mrs. Smith was a founding member of the Society. She served as chair of *The Beaver* editorial committee and, in 1997, as interim editor of the magazine. Mrs. Smith was presented with a life membership in the Society in recognition of her many contributions.

MUSEUM DISCOUNTS

Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
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- Vancouver Maritime Museum
- Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alberta
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply.

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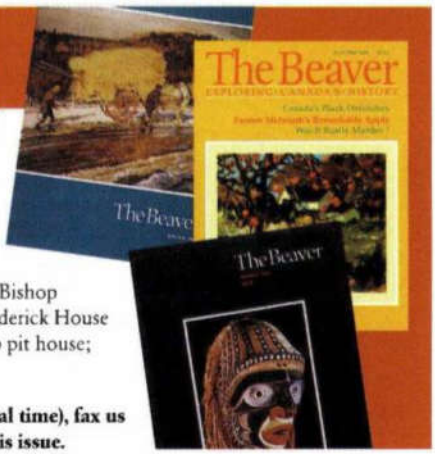

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Spring 1973 Whaling in Hudson Bay, Pt 1: Marble Island; Pond Inlet sketches; Bishop Provencher's account of the Red River Mission; Mackenzie River cruise; The Frederick House massacre; The Stream: a photo-essay; Conquest of Pangnirtung Pass; A schuswap pit house; Sioux Lookout medical program

For a complimentary back list, please call 1-800-816-6777 (between 8:30 and 4:30 central time), fax us at (204) 988-9309, or write us by post or email to the addresses on the contents page of this issue.

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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

HISTORY ON FILM

Wednesday - Saturday at 9 ET/PT

Four nights a week, viewers turn to History Television for some of the greatest stories ever brought to film. **History on Film** delivers top-notch entertainment with a fascinating historical perspective. Upcoming films include: *Mississippi Burning, The Russia House, The Manchurian Candidate, Little Big Man, The Bridge on the River Kwai,* and *Bonnie & Clyde.*

HISTORY PRESENTS *Monday nights at 9 ET/PT*

History Presents is the weekly showcase for high quality, award-winning documentaries from around the world. Programs coincide with significant dates and anniversaries. Upcoming highlights include:

In Their Own Hands: The Jewish Brigade *(October 5)* - The story of a group of Jewish volunteers who battled to become an official unit of the British Army in 1944, and who eventually became the nucleus of the movement that lead to the creation of Israel.

The Boyd Gang *(October 19)* - Canada's most charismatic criminal, Eddie Boyd, talks about the glamorous life his gang of slick criminals lead in the forties and fifties. Between 1949 and 1952, The Boyd Gang robbed more banks than anyone in Canadian history, broke out of Toronto's Don Jail twice, and made more front page headlines than Rocket Richard.

El Che *(November 23)* - The life of Che Guevara, one of the most charismatic and enigmatic icons of revolution.

DESTINATION: HISTORY *Weeknights at 8 ET/5 PT*

A daily trip around the world for armchair time travelers. Every weeknight, History Television features fascinating and entertaining programs that let you escape to the past. Programs include:

- **Mansion: Great Houses of Europe**, a discovery of splendid gardens and interiors full of fine art and decorations that were the setting for real-life stories of romance and intrigue;
- **Vintage**, a thirteen-part series about the history of wine;
- **Spice of Life**, the story of the tastes and sensations that have flavoured the world and its history for thousands of years.
- Other series will include: **Great Wonders of the World, The Spanish Armada, Ancient Lives** and **Struggle for Democracy.**

THE CANADIANS *Sunday at 7 ET/4 PT*

The Canadians is an original biography series exploring the fascinating lives of famous and not-so-famous Canadians. The series promises to continuously surprise and amaze the viewer, unfolding the colourful lives of an eclectic mix of characters - and providing insight into the times in which they lived. New subjects this season include Mary Pickford, Louis B. Mayer, and Grey Owl.

REILLY: ACE OF SPIES

Sundays at 8 ET/PT - Reilly was no ordinary spy. He lived for danger and died a legend. Based on Robin Bruce Lockhart's book of the same title, **Reilly: Ace of Spies** explores the life of this rich, cultured, attractive and intelligent man, who combined flamboyance and ruthlessness to a degree that led him to be courted and feared in the glittering courts of Edwardian Europe.

COLD WAR

Tuesday nights at 11 ET/8 PT

Narrated by renowned actor and director Kenneth Branaugh, **Cold War** examines how this conflict affected culture, technology and economics over five decades of history. Through interviews with world leaders, including former American presidents Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, George Bush and former Soviet president Mikhail Gorbachev, as well as common women and men from around the world, the series makes full use of recent scholarship and new historical evidence to tell the story as we know it now to have occurred.

HISTORY™ TELEVISION

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Eastern	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
8:00AM	Destination: History					Rat Patrol	The Untouchables
8:30AM						Rat Patrol	
9:00AM	It Seems Like Yesterday					War Stories	War Stories
9:30AM	The Way We Were						
10:00AM	Drama Series (Wish Me Luck, Colditz, Secret Army)					History Presents	Secrets of WWII
10:30AM							
11:00AM	Combat						Cold War
11:30AM							
12:00PM	Rat Patrol					Secrets of WWII	The Untouchables
12:30PM	True Action Adventures						
1:00PM	History Presents	War Stories	History On Film	History On Film	History On Film	History On Film	History On Film
1:30PM							
2:00PM		Secrets of WWII					
2:30PM							
3:00PM	The Canadians	Cold War					
3:30PM			It Seems Like Yesterday	It Seems Like Yesterday		Rat Patrol	
4:00PM	Drama Series (Wish Me Luck, Colditz, Secret Army)					Sharpe	History On Film
4:30PM							
5:00PM	Combat						
5:30PM							
6:00PM	The Way We Were					Struggle For Democracy	It Seems Like Yesterday
6:30PM	Rat Patrol						History Bites
7:00PM	True Action Adventures					It Seems Like Yesterday	The Canadians
7:30PM	It Seems Like Yesterday					The Untouchables	
8:00PM	Destination: History					History Bites	Adventure Sundays
8:30PM							
9:00PM	History Presents	War Stories	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	
9:30PM							
10:00PM		Secrets Of WWII					
10:30PM							
11:00PM	The Canadians	Cold War	It Seems Like Yesterday	It Seems Like Yesterday			Adventure Sundays
11:30PM							
12:00AM	History Presents	War Stories	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	
12:30AM							
1:00AM		Secrets Of WWII					
1:30AM							
2:00AM	The Canadians	Cold War	It Seems Like Yesterday	It Seems Like Yesterday			Adventure Sundays
2:30AM							
3:00AM	Rat Patrol					History Bites	
3:30AM	True Action Adventures					Rat Patrol	
4:00AM	Destination: History					Rat Patrol	
4:30AM						The Untouchables	
5:00AM	Drama Series (Wish Me Luck, Colditz, Secret Army)					It Seems Like Yesterday	Reilly: Ace Of Spies
5:30AM							
6:00AM	Combat					Struggle For Democracy	Cable In The Classroom
6:30AM							
7:00AM	It Seems Like Yesterday					Cold War	It Seems Like Yesterday
7:30AM	The Way We Were						History Bites

Program changes may occur.

Destination: History

Adventure Sundays